HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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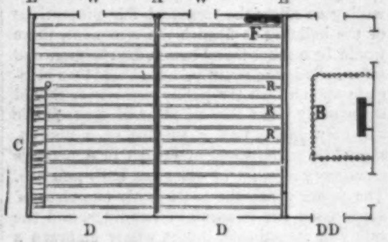
THE RICHMOND CALAMITY.

THE country was shocked last week by the news of a dreadful disaster, in which more than fifty people were instantly killed, and more than a hundred wounded, many of them so seriously that, even if their life should be spared, they will bear the effects of their injuries to the grave. The circumstances of this calamity remove it from the catalogue of ordinary disasters. We are so accustomed to railway accidents, by collision, by the breaking of rails, by the misplacement of switches—to boiler accidents in factories and on steamboats—to fires in hotels and tenement-houses, that we have come to regard these almost as visitations of Providence, or as the result of chances against which no foresight could provide. But the calamity at Richmond occurred in a public building, the Capitol of the State, where the Legislature met and several courts held their sessions. It was often densely crowded, and on these occasions the life and safety of hundreds of people depended on its strength.

On Wednesday, April 27, the court-room in the second story of the Capitol was packed with an immense audience to hear the decision of the Court of Appeals in the Mayoralty case. This room was constructed in a most extraordinary manner. A few years ago, when it became necessary to have additional offices in the Capitol, a floor was thrown across the very high hall in which the lower house of the Legislature met, thus making two stories instead of one. In doing this the architect, instead of inserting the floor-beams in the walls, rested them upon a slight ledge, or offset, projecting about four inches from the wall. This frail ledge was made to support timbers measuring two feet by ten inches, assisted by a row of pillars in the hall below. This arrangement was probably sufficient to resist ordinary pressure; but a few years ago, in order to improve the appearance of the Hall of Delegates, these pillars were removed, under the direction of an incompetent architect, leaving the beams without any central support whatever, and further weakened by the mortices in which the pillars had been fastened. The flooring immediately commenced sagging, and for several years, says a Richmond paper, it "had been concave to an extent that was alarming; but familiarity had, as usual, removed the doubts of its safety."

In this frightful man-trap hundreds of people were packed on the occasion alluded to above. The bells had just struck the hour of eleven. The clerk of the court had just entered, and placed his books on the table. One judge was in his seat, his associates being still in the conference-room. The counsel, the reporters, were in their places, and the spectators were engaged in pleasant conversation. All at once, without a moment's warning, the large girder under the partition between the clerk's office and the court-room snapped in twain, and the floor, yielding to the pressure, began to bend downward, loosening the supports of the crowded gallery, which was wrenched away from the wall and precipitated into the centre of the court-room. The floor was crushed through as if it had been glass, and, with its mass of human beings, fell into the Hall of Delegates, a cloud of dust rising like smoke from the ruin. The scene was terrible. Through the cloud of dust and plaster that obscured the atmosphere, the horror-stricken survivors could discern nothing but a confused mass of dead and wounded flung together on the floor, while cries and groans arose that none who heard will ever forget.

The annexed diagram shows the interior of the court-room, and will aid materially in understanding the catastrophe.



EXPLANATION.

A. Girder which gave way; the joists reached from this to the girders E, E, which stood. The joists were tenoned into the large girder A; and, of course, when *that* fell, the joists all pulled out right and left from the girders E, E, and the crowd was all thrown to the centre. The reporters and lawyers, who were seated close to the railing, just far enough to be clear of the safe point—say about R, R, R—and facing the railing, fell backward.

B. Railing around the judges' seat.

C. Steps leading to the gallery, the marks of which on the wall are shown in the large sketch on page 312. The gallery toppled over, and fell on the crowd below.

D. Doors.

DD. Door to conference-room.

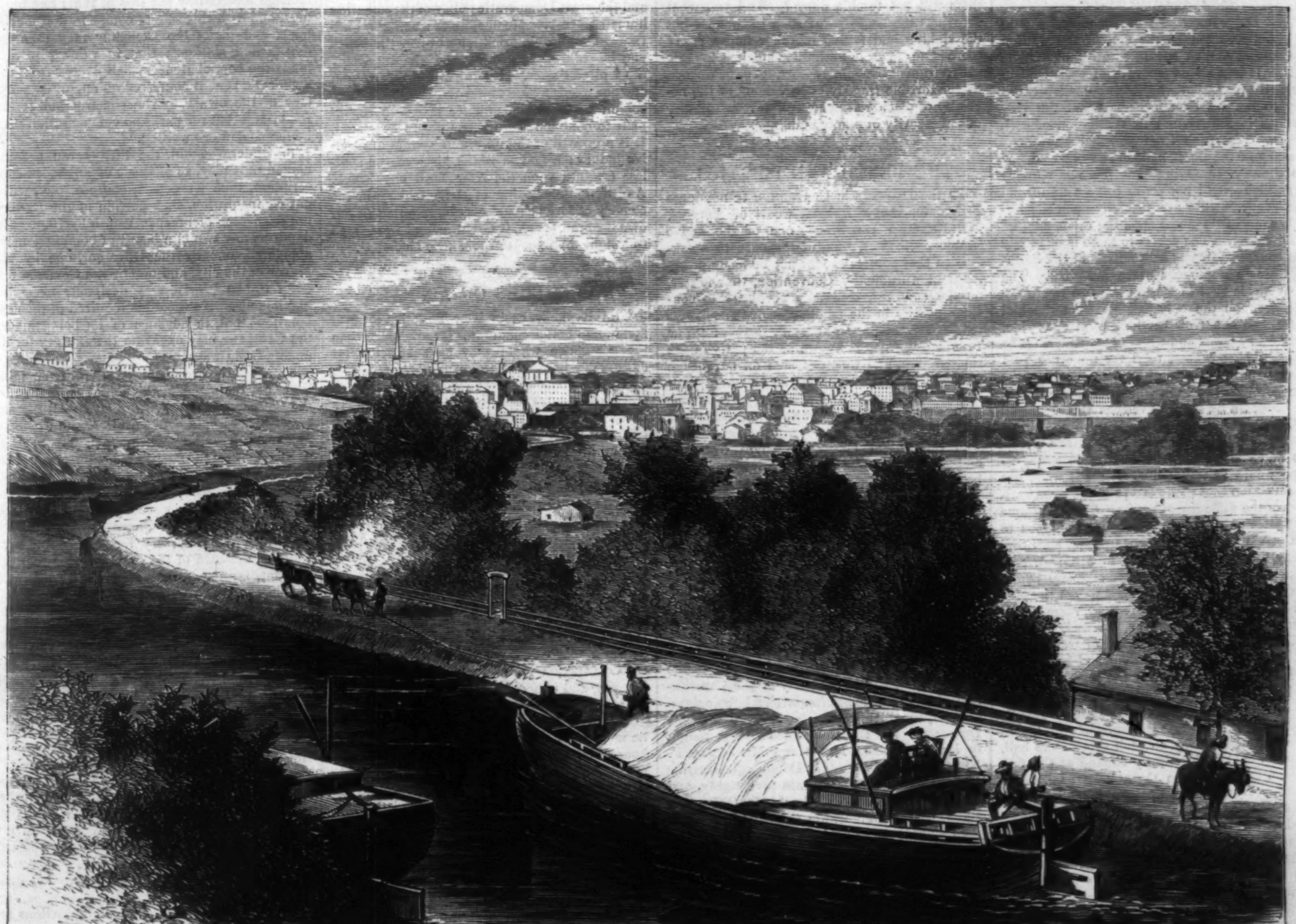
F. Mantle-piece, to which a man clung for a long time before he could be rescued.

W, W. Windows. People also clung to these over the chasm.

Immediately after the catastrophe the survivors set about the work of rescuing those who were buried beneath the ruins, and whose groans and cries for help were pitiful to hear. The firemen were called out by the fire-alarm, and rendered most valuable assistance in this work. Ladders were raised to the windows of the Hall of Delegates, and, as fast as they were recovered, the bodies of the dead and wounded were passed out through the windows and brought down by the firemen, in the manner shown in our illustration on page 313.

Most of them were placed under the trees in the square for recognition or surgical attendance. The whole city wore an aspect of mourning, and business was every where suspended.

It was several hours before the number of dead and wounded could be ascertained; but at length the ruins were cleared away, and it was found that sixty persons were killed and nearly a hundred and twenty wounded. Providentially the Hall of Delegates was nearly empty, or the loss of life would have been much greater than it was. The greater number of those who went down with the floor were uninjured, most of the casualties having been among those who were caught by the falling gallery, and those who were in the hall below. It is sad to know that many who escaped death and even wounds by the falling timbers, were suffocated by the clouds of dust that rose from the crumbling plastering. When the dead bodies were brought out and exposed on the square, scarcely one of them could be recognized, so fearfully disfigured were they; and the broken-hearted wives, sisters, and mothers of several even failed, in some instances, to recognize the victims. The faces of all the dead were fearfully swollen and blackened, it is supposed from suffocation; and about the mouth and lips was a sort of coagulated froth, tinctured



VIEW OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERSON AND CO., RICHMOND.]

with blood, which was hardened and stiffened with dust. In the case of Dr. J. H. Brock, reporter of the *Enquirer*, it is said his wife failed to recognize him; and a brother reporter only discovered his identity by searching his pockets.

Among the prominent persons killed were Mr. P. H. Aylett, an eminent member of the Richmond bar, and Assistant Attorney-General for the Confederate States until Lee's surrender; Mr. E. M. Schofield, a brother of Major-General Schofield, and an officer in the Union army during the war; Mr. J. W. D. Bland (colored), a member of the Virginia State Senate; General Thomas H. Wilcox, a Major-General in the Confederate army; and Dr. J. B. Brock, a reporter of the Richmond *Enquirer and Examiner*. Among the seriously wounded was ex-Governor Wells.

Some very remarkable escapes are related of some of the survivors. Mr. D. B. White, a member of the Legislature, fell through the floor with the rest, and did not receive a scratch. He did not leave the spot, but, despite the suffocating dust, remained and worked vigorously to get out the wounded and dead. Mayor Kelly, of Fredericksburg, was conversing with Mr. Aylett when the crash began, and says Mr. Aylett was killed by a beam from the gallery. The larger number of deaths, as already stated, occurred among those persons who were standing under the gallery. Dr. Brock was just in reach of it, sitting at his table writing, when the same beam that killed Mr. Aylett struck him. A member of the Legislature describes his fall as follows:

"I heard a low, rumbling sound, and felt myself sinking rapidly. I was facing the gallery, and saw it falling toward me. Fortunately it did not reach me. I saw the men scrambling over each other in the gallery, and heard what seemed to be one unearthly yell of agony. Then came the crash, and I sank into darkness. I found myself under a mass of rubbish, with a dead body over me, a wounded man under me, and another at my side. The poor fellow under me said: 'Oh me! but if I could only fear God always as I do now! How wicked I have been all my days! O God, forgive me! Spare me, and I will be a true follower of Jesus!' The man at my side exclaimed: 'O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!' I heard a number of cries all about me; some were speaking about their wives, others of their children, while others were begging for air. I believe many of them died from suffocation, for, although but little hurt myself, I should have died from suffocation if I had not been removed when I was."

On the day following the catastrophe many of the dead were buried, and the day was devoted by the whole city to mourning, humiliation, and prayer.

In the general view of the city of Richmond, on the preceding page, the position of the Capitol is seen. It is the large building a little to the left of the centre, with columns on the front.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 14, 1870.

OUR BARBARISM.

The sad catastrophe at Richmond should impress upon us the fact of the wanton exposure of human life in most of our public halls. It is a singular streak of barbarism in our civilization, that we submit so patiently not only to the wholly unnecessary but the very perilous insecurity and ill ventilation of such rooms. We speak from personal knowledge of many of the finest halls in the older part of the country, in saying that there is scarcely one which would not prove to be a trap in an emergency. They are generally upon the second, some of the finest upon the third, floor of the building. The access to them is by totally inadequate staircases and halls, and the buildings are in no proper sense fire-proof. The great Music Hall in Boston has two ranges of galleries, and the only passage from the hall is through a narrow corridor upon each side, ending in narrow and winding stairways. The building is, however, used for no other purposes than those of the hall, and the exposure is necessarily less than when the lower stories are occupied by shops of various kinds.

Tweddle Hall in Albany is upon the third-floor of a building occupied by all kinds of offices and shops; and, should a panic arise, escape would be impossible. And it must not be forgotten that panic is due to the consciousness of the difficulty of egress. The handsome Corinthian Hall in Rochester is obnoxious to the same censure. Two narrow stairways bring the audience together in a narrow passage below, with yet another staircase before the street is reached. In New Haven the Music Hall, a brilliant and spacious room, is ingeniously perilous in the same way. It can hold, perhaps, two thousand or twenty-five hundred people upon the floor and in the galleries. They must all descend together to the end of a long narrow passage, at the other end of which are the stairs to the street. Rand's Hall in Troy is perhaps the worst of all. There is a narrow stairway on each side of the hall, which would be hopelessly choked at the first alarm. We mention these halls as illustrations. What is true of them is true of most of the great halls in the country.

In Providence there was a spacious hall upon the third-floor, in which lectures and concerts were given. It was reached in the usual way by two winding narrow stairways with a common landing. Upon the second-floor, and directly under the hall, there was a furniture store-room! One night, after a lecture had been given to a crowded audience, the building took fire, and was consumed like pasteboard. It was rebuilt in the same way—and was again destroyed by fire. It was very natural for the good sense of Providence to ask what would happen if the fire broke out an hour or two earlier in the evening, when the hall was thronged? The consequence was, the erection of a building disconnected with others and open upon all sides, with a hall upon the ground-floor, so that in an emergency instant escape would be practicable from doors and windows, while the chance of fire or other alarm, and of consequent panic, was virtually removed. It is neither a very handsome nor a very costly hall, but there is a sense of security in it which is not felt in another hall in New England.

Public halls are not generally thought to be good investments of property, and they are therefore subordinated to other rooms in a building. But it would greatly increase the public comfort and security if they were erected with chief reference to the easy escape of an audience. They need not be expensive. There is many a town meditating a hall to-day which will not think of building until it can put up "an ornament to the place," and that will be at a cost which will compel the building of shops under it to insure a fair return for the outlay. If the town would but be content with a simple spacious room upon the ground-floor, and be willing to allow the neat and fair proportions of the building to furnish the ornament, there would be a great many better, handsomer, and safer halls in the country. It should be a principle upon which the public authorities should strenuously insist that no place of great public assembly, like a hall, a theatre, or a church, should be as hopeless of escape in a perilous emergency as most of our great halls now are. The power which the State justly exercises of supervising the strength of buildings, and the safety of steamboats, might wisely embrace a severe censure of this subject.

The want of proper ventilation in public rooms is another constant evidence of our barbarism. It is the perpetual accusation of our scientific skill. There is scarcely a court-room which is not a black hole. Within a few days the Recorder of New York, presiding at an important trial, was obliged to leave the bench ill, and no wonder. In Trenton, New Jersey, Mr. Justice Field was prostrated in the same way. In both cases there may have been severe nervous tension. But what do we expect of judges but the intensest application? and for that very reason there should be every kind of healthful provision made for them. What, also, is more preposterous than the necessity of issuing grave certificates by builders that there is every reason to believe that the houses just erected by them will not tumble down? And yet, what occasions the necessity of such certificates but the sinking and falling of other houses? If there is no officer of authority sufficient for this supervision of the public safety, let us be warned by the terrible tragedy at Richmond of the necessity of placing somewhere the responsibility of the security of public buildings.

THE BENCH AND POLITICS.

In the Democratic Convention to nominate Judges for the New York Court of Appeals, Mr. Richard O'Gorman, one of the active Tammany leaders, said, in response to a suggestion that politics should not be made prominent in a Judiciary Convention, that it was, on the contrary, especially necessary to consider politics in the nominations. The *World* reports Mr. O'Gorman as saying further: "The Democratic party is known as the party of the Constitution, and we want men on our bench who will fight the fight of the Democracy for the Constitution." The *Times* reports him as adding that "we had gone through, and might still have to go through, revolutionary times." The Convention applauded Mr. O'Gorman, and agreed with him that a politician ought to be nominated, and consequently named a gentleman whose reputation in the State is wholly political, and who, it is very well understood, if he had not been nominated for Chief Justice, would have been the candidate of the "Cheese-Press" Democracy for Governor against Mr. Hoffman, the candidate of the Tammany Ring. The Ring have nominated Mr. Church, not because they like him, but because they feared him as unquestionably the most conspicuous and popular of the rural Democrats.

Mr. O'Gorman's amusing assertion that the Democratic party is the party of the Constitution, shows that he has forgotten a late unpleasantness, in which the distinctive "fight of the Democracy for the Constitution" was fought by Mr. Jefferson Davis and Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, and lost. The Democratic doctrine of the Constitution was State sovereignty, and that doctrine is demolished. If Mr. O'Gorman thinks that a Democratic Court of Appeals in New York, even with Mr. Sanford E. Church at its head, would seriously bring this State into conflict with the National Government upon the question of equal suffrage, he is profoundly mistaken. The days are gone when Mr. Charles O'Conor, in the old Court of Appeals—Mr. O'Conor then the head of the New York bar—gravely demanded that New York should hunt slaves for Virginia. No more shameful claim was ever made, and it was one of those acts which aroused the perception and revolted the conscience of the people of New York, and swept them on to the magnificent Republican victories of 1860 and the war. And when those days ended, the possibility passed away of persuading the State to fight the United States for the purpose of oppressing negroes. That work was undertaken by the Southern States, under the same pretense of vindicating the Constitution, and the success of the attempt will hardly inspire a repetition of it elsewhere.

But the speech of Mr. O'Gorman will show the people of this State the spirit of the Tammany Ring which controls the Democratic party. If it were practicable, it would gladly undo all the great work of the last ten years; for the leaders of that party know that its hopes of success fade with the increase of intelligence and with acquiescence in a policy of justice. Mr. O'Gorman, who was one of the most resolute of Copperheads during the war—and we use the word merely as a political definition—with the persons who composed the Philadelphia declaration of which we spoke last week, can not forgive the triumph of liberty and union. To them the government of the United States, as administered by the party of the war, is a remorseless despotism. In their view it tramples upon all the most precious securities of freedom. To them there are no people in the Southern States but the ex-rebels, who are heroes, graced with the dignity of misfortune, the unstained soldiers of a lost but lovely cause. In their judgment the great and happy days of the republic were those when four millions of slaves were held in hopeless bondage; when the slave power absolutely controlled, in its own interest, the policy of the government, and filled every office, large and small, with its lackeys; when the slave-hunter coursed freely for his prey all over the land, cheered by "the Democracy;" and when every honorable and proud American hung his head before the taunting subject of every European king who said to him what he could not deny: "In all monarchical Europe that you deride there is no tyranny so base and inhuman as that which your republic cherishes!"

This is the ideal American epoch of those who think with Mr. O'Gorman. And when he says that it is necessary to put politicians upon the bench of our highest court, or not to forget politics in the nomination of Judges who must fight a party fight, it is with the vague hope that somehow the settlement of the war may be disturbed or perplexed by the courts of New York. For the war, never to be forgiven by these gentlemen, has certainly ended without hope of return their palmy days of the republic and the great Democratic policy of perpetuating human slavery. Meanwhile the collateral advantages of placing politicians upon the bench may be seen in the case of the Chief Justice of the United States. It is a painful illustration, and one which we have lately considered in these columns. That the practice is wholly repugnant to common-sense needs not to be stated. It is a growth of the miserable system of elective judges; a system which gives us the spotless ermines upon the New York city bench. And if the reputation of the judiciary in the country at large should ever be like that of our own honored bench, it might justly be expected to "fight the fight" of those who elected it.

FOR JUDGES OF APPEALS.

The Republicans in New York have never nominated better candidates for any office than the gentlemen whom they have selected for Judges of Appeals. They were not nominated, as we have elsewhere shown that the Democratic candidates were, to fight the fight of a party. They are nominated to administer justice under the laws. That they will do this, and nothing else, their characters and careers are sufficient pledges.

Henry R. Selden is known to the whole State as one of the purest of men—as a learned and sagacious lawyer, and a magistrate of experience. In politics he has never been a hot partisan; but his political principles are so sound, and his character so upright, that his name is always suggested when a great and responsible office is to be filled. Judge Charles Mason is not less favorably known to his profession, nor has he been conspicuous in politics. Judge Robert S. Hale, of Essex, has served with distinction in Congress; and his judicial learning and experience, his ability and sagacity, peculiarly fit him for the highest bench.

Charles J. Folger is one of the ablest public men in the State. Firm, independent, and honorable, his career has most closely commended him to the respect of those who would have only the best men in the political and judicial service. In the Constitutional Convention Mr. Folger was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and its work had both his inspiration and his sanction. Upon the same Committee was Charles Andrews, who was one of the two candidates at once nominated by the Convention. Among the younger men in the State, Mr. Andrews is eminent for admirable professional accomplishments, for the highest intellectual ability, and for a certain weight of personal character, which have plainly marked him for high honors. Among his neighbors he has been always one of the strongest candidates for any position; and the unfailing courtesy with which he treats any difference of opinion secures for him the hearty respect and regard even of his political opponents.

We repeat that there was never a better ticket, for any purpose, presented to the voters of New York than the Republican nominations for Judges of Appeals.

THE ARCADE RAILROAD BILL.

As we supposed, this bill passed the Assembly as it had passed the Senate when we last went to press; and it appears that the Governor, soon after the adjournment of the Legislature, assigned a day for hearing objections. It may be that before we issue this number the bill may be signed or vetoed; but its remarkable features ought to be clearly understood by the public.

1. It names fifty-seven persons, and constitutes them, in violation of all precedent, a complete incorporation, without any preliminary subscription of stock; and authorizes them to appoint thirteen directors out of their own number to manage its affairs. In creating corporations it is an invariable rule to authorize certain individuals to open books of subscription, and to distribute the stock *pro rata* to prevent favoritism; but in the present case the Company, after organizing, and during the process of executing its corporate powers, receives subscriptions on the condition that the subscribers shall pay to the treasurer of the Company ten per cent. of the amount subscribed. This permits favoritism, as a check would doubtless be accepted from those whose subscriptions were desired, and money would be required from others. But the worst feature in its organization is the provision that the fifty-seven persons and their *assigns* and successors shall, after the stock subscription, constitute the incorporation. These provisions make the Company a close corporation, and not such a corporation as the Constitution contemplates.

2. In advance of the stock subscription, and without capital or responsibility, the Company is authorized to commence operations below Wall Street; to take lands, by assessment, for dépôts and stations; to scoop out Broadway under restrictions which may easily be avoided, from building to building, except under the sidewalks in front of Trinity Church; to take up and remove to parallel streets the water and gas pipes and sewers, public and private, under restrictions that are nominal; without being required to make compensation for the damage inflicted by the loss of rents and business, and with this rule of compensation for the lands and parks the Company may take for dépôts and stations; that in valuing private lands the commissioners shall deduct from the award the benefit conferred on any other property of the owner by the construction of the road; and that for parks no compensation shall be demanded or awarded.

3. Under the bill, the fifty-seven persons named in it may, in advance of any stock subscription, take for dépôts, stations, etc., without compensation, such portion of the Battery not exceeding 500 feet in length by 100 feet in depth as any two of a board of commissioners, appointed, one by the Governor, one by the Mayor of the city, and one by the Commissioner of Public Works, may designate by metes and bounds. No record is required of the designation; but, in advance of its being made, the Company may excavate the Battery for its underground ways.

4. After the stock subscription of ten millions, and the payment thereon of two millions, the Company may proceed above Wall Street; may take, without compensation, the whole of any small parks they touch, and 500 feet by 100 of the City Hall Park, of Union Square, of Madison Avenue, of the Central Park, and, under the authority to extend their lines, the whole or the like quantity of other parks. They may also take, without limit, all private lands deemed necessary for dépôts and stations, in defiance of the owner, under the rule of compensation already mentioned, which will enable the Company to pay for the most valuable stores or hotels by the advantage to other property of the owner, which, in the view of commissioners appointed by a selected court, the construction of the road will confer. No affidavit or proof is required of the payment of the two millions, which makes the provision worthless.

5. The 9th and 10th sections of the bill authorize the Company to stop, for a reasonable time, the supply of water and gas, and the operation of the sewerage; but, although this is to be done by the Company, under the direction and superintendence of the board of commissioners described, no pecuniary means are provided to the commissioners to pay the expense of enforcing their directions, and, consequently, the most serious discomfort and danger may ensue.

6. The bill requires that all injunctions relating to the railway shall be applied for to the Supreme Court of the First Judicial District, and not elsewhere, at a special term to be held

at the court-house, on a notice of not less than eight days. The commissioners and individuals aggrieved would be obliged to submit to this tribunal. As it takes a summer recess, and may adjourn at its pleasure, this amounts to a practical denial of justice, the more flagrant considering the abuses which have lately prevailed.

7. The bill restricts the Company from excavating under the sidewalks and removing the vaults except with the consent of a majority of owners on the whole line. Inasmuch as the line, after proceeding from the Battery up Broadway, divides at Union Square, one going up Fourth Avenue to the Harlem River, and the other up Broadway to the Central Park, and thence to the Hudson River Road with no defined route, the owners of valuable vaults on Broadway are subjected to the consent of property owners not interested in vaults such as appertain to all the stores on that street. The last preceding assessment roll is to govern in ascertaining the owners. For the purpose of giving a majority to the Company a single lot up town may be conveyed to its stockholders by name or to their friends, and thus enable the Company to overpower the substantial owners on Broadway.

8. The only safeguard provided in the bill against the interruption of business, travel, and transportation on Broadway, during the many years which the construction of the road will require, is the one that the Commissioner of Public Works of the city of New York shall compel the erection of temporary bridges for travel only, and supervise the construction below Fourteenth Street; but, as in the case of the commissioners mentioned, no fund is provided for this purpose, and no special means are placed at the disposal of this officer, who, as one of the board, is to receive from the Company a compensation of ten dollars per day. It is not to be supposed that any officer will be appointed to this post hereafter who will interpose any difficulties in the way of the Company, so that the enormous business of the city is placed largely under the control of the Company, if the Governor shall approve the bill.

9. The clause with respect to fares is so drawn that for the shortest ride ten cents may be charged; and what appears to be a restriction in the bill of fifteen cents for the whole length of road, applies only to through and express trains, which may be omitted.

Stripped of its thin disguises, the bill amounts to an absolute grant of city property to the fifty-seven persons named in it, and is a precedent for reaching all property that remains undisposed of. The names of those who are expected to have such vast control over our most vital interests are as follows:

Melville C. Smith, Origen Vanderbergh, N. B. La Bau, Edward M. Clymer, John A. Griswold, Sidney W. Hopkins, W. C. Church, R. R. Hazard, Jun., Benjamin F. Dunning, Samuel O. Bigelow, Daniel D. Badger, George H. Bronson, Philip Caswell, Jun., Richard D. M'Graw, Samuel Barton, James H. Ingersoll, Frank Work, Augustus Schell, John H. Fry, C. Francis Bates, Henry W. Perkins, James Crawford, Henry Clews, Nathaniel Cheeney, Martin E. Green, Austin Myers, John P. Moore, Homer A. Nelson, Samuel F. Barger, John P. Nazro, John C. Robinson, William H. Rix, Edward O. Eaton, Jeremiah Eighmie, Gilbert Comstock, Joseph G. Jennings, Jacob S. Freer, George W. Carpenter, D. P. Dey, John H. Sanborn, William Turnbull, Luke S. Putnam, John O'Donnell, George D. Lord, A. Ferris Smith, D. Ashley Dickinson, Harlow M. Wilcox, Theo. P. Austin, James L. Miller, C. Sidney Brown, Rodney M. Whipple, Charles H. Horton, Michael Nolan, Cornelius S. Groat, Hubbard L. Cummings, Theodore M. Pomeroy, Philo Remington, Norman W. Kingsley, Henry G. Coggeshall.

The authority to them and their assigns to take whatever private property along Broadway may be deemed necessary under proceedings instituted before the tribunal they select, on a rule of compensation which enables them to pay for it with the supposed benefits which the construction of the road confers on other property of the owner, is a clear violation of the fundamental provision contained in the Constitution, that "private property shall not be taken for public use without *just* compensation."

A bill so sweeping in its powers, so reckless in withdrawing protection from the public, so monstrous in its provisions, could not have passed a Legislature which paid respect to the oath of office, or was not steeped deeply in corruption.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

By JOHN JONES, A.M.

ALTHOUGH I have sent nothing to the Exhibition this year, it is probably the best that we have ever had, and I was therefore very glad to find that by some kindly coincidence there is among the pictures a work by Mr. MORSE, who was, I believe, our first President. It is a portrait of the Rev. Dr. STANFORD, now of the Church triumphant, and formerly chaplain of the New York Almshouse. The picture recalls the traditions of STUART and Sir JOSHUA, and has a force and character and breadth which may be profitably studied by my fellow-artists. My own style, indeed, is formed, but I can still admire what is excellent in the other old masters, and give good advice to the young ones.

In looking at this portrait by Mr. MORSE, I remember with pleasure that he is still living; that this is only the forty-fifth annual exhibition, so that any boy can remember when the Academy was founded; and that within that time the interest in art in this country, such as it is, has developed itself. And there is certainly a good deal of interest. Here, for instance, is our building, which cost nearly two hundred thousand dollars, and there are several very admirable private collections in the city. I do not say that the owners are profoundly versed in art, but that they have galleries shows that public opinion expects rich men to appear, at least, to cultivate a taste for the fine arts. Had TRUMBULL foreseen this day he would hardly have advised our late admirable President HUNTINGTON to relinquish the profession; nor would Mr. MORSE, after one sore disappointment, have been ready to abandon his easel and try his fortune otherwise in Mexico.

Above all, perhaps, the vital interest in the subject is shown by nothing more than our dissensions in the Academy itself. We are divided into two parties, and we call ourselves, Heaven alone knows why, Radicals and Conservatives. Some of the very wisest of us, however—among whom I humbly take my place—refuse to take sides. Do I, for instance, not know how faithfully KENSETT and GIFFORD and others labored for the Fellowship fund during the war, and how much money they collected; and am I likely to believe evil of them, or to feel any thing but gratitude? The Radicals raise a tremendous war-whoop. They accuse the Academy, or its management, of fogyism, favoritism, narrowness, and indifference to the demands of the time and of art itself. The Conservatives reply that it is not very fogyish to have collected the Fellowship fund during the war, nor very narrow to have placed the Academy in such a noble home. To this the Radicals again answer that the building is a folly; that it lies like an incubus upon the Academy, which is as poor in its splendid house as the Italian nobleman who was obliged to keep his bed while his only shirt was washed. And the press has joined the cry. There has been a great deal of gibing latterly at the Academy, when criticism would have been more serviceable.

Perhaps the building, beautiful as it is, is a mistake. The Academy's revenues are not sufficient for a palace. With a flowing treasury, which a judicious sale of the building and more economical quarters would supply, there might be courses of lectures, and the most admirably appointed schools in every art of design. And—for I will make a clean breast of it—I don't see any sufficient reason for the distinction between Associate and Academician. Why, for instance, should Mr. JOSEPH AMES, whose portraits in this exhibition are his credentials, and Mr. F. B. CARPENTER, be only Associates, and several of us—whose names you will find in the catalogue—National Academicians? I am sure that I don't know the reason. But I see that we are all very much excited, and blood will evidently be shed. I think it will flow freely at the annual election, on the 11th of May.

Meanwhile the public ought to be grateful to any association that will offer them so attractive an exhibition as this, and in so beautiful a building. There is no pleasanter resort in the city than the Academy rooms at the corner of Twenty-third Street and the Fourth Avenue, and I remind readers beyond the city of that fact. Unluckily, in this space, I can not be a cicerone for them. I can not even mention by name all the pictures that they will enjoy. But if they go straight up the grand staircase and enter the room before them they will first of all see two pictures by Mr. WINSLOW HOMER, one of which represents girls bathing upon the beach at Manchester, Massachusetts, and the other a girl upon a white horse, just reaching the top of Mount Washington. The pictures are not wholly pleasing; perhaps the bathing scene—like another which he has in the east room—is not quite refined. But the pictures show a fresh eye and a wholesome independence of conventions with spirit and vigor. So in Mr. HENNESSY's pictures, among which that of Mr. BRYANT as the "Poet of the Woods" has been even contemptuously criticised, there is a faithful study and careful rendering of the details of the landscape, which are certainly essential elements in any good picture. If the critic must gibe, it should not be at such work, however faulty, but at the hopeless, conventional, dead and buried commonplace of many of the pictures, which suggest nothing but that the painter has seen nature only in very namby-pamby engravings. In the works of Mr. HOMER and Mr. HENNESSY you are very sure that the painter has really seen what he paints, and really tries to represent it. When he fails, it is therefore a hopeful failure.

In this room, also, is Mr. GIFFORD's "San Giorgio at Venice," which seems to me one of the most pleasing of his pictures. A sagacious and cultivated observer told me that the bright sail ought not to be the central point, because it dulls the brilliancy of the buildings. As an artist I reserve my opinion; but I insist that the buildings are still brilliant, and the bright sail is very Venetian, although its precise hue is perhaps not quite true to the fact. But the scene is that trance of noon—still, hot, luminous—which is almost peculiar to the lagoons. From this exquisite repose let the rural friend, whom, with his kind permission, I am accompanying, now turn suddenly to Mr. THOMAS NAST's "Departure of the Seventh Regiment for the War," on the 19th of April, 1861. It is a large picture, almost without color, and often out of drawing, but its spirit, its vigor, its electric life, are delightful. It is Broadway. The regiment has reached BALL & BLACK's, and we look up the street. What a scene! It is crowded with figures—windows, balconies, roofs, posts, lanterns, are overflowing with the shouting, weeping, frantic throng. Every where the flag is flying and handkerchiefs are waving, and the street itself is all motion with the advancing soldiers, whose bayonets go glistening and bristling up the vista. The boldness, the freedom, the force of this picture, the evident fact that the artist deeply felt his subject, and that it is, therefore, a wholly sincere work, makes me wish all the more that I could praise the drawing and the color. But with all its defects it is the best war picture that I have seen. It shows a very great talent.

Mr. LOUIS TIFFANY's "Fruit-Vender under the Sea-Wall at Nassau" is a bright, picturesque work; a bit of Naples astray near the Gulf. There is a great deal of poetic feeling in the picture; but the subject is not important enough for the size of the canvas. In the next room Mr. PERRY's "Huldy," an illustration of LOWELL's courtin' poem, is charming. She sits by the fire paring apples; and she is so maidenly lovely that 'Ziekel is entirely justified in flattening his nose, enamored, against the window-pane. It is a great point gained in a picture of lovers if the affection is made, upon the face of it, to appear to be the most natural thing in the world. The firelight is admirably rendered, and the picture is so good that my rural friend and I agreed that we should expect pictures constantly better from the same hand. And what is this modest little canvas before which there is always a group of ladies intently gazing? What tender interest and kindly curiosity they show! Of course they do, for they are welcoming "The Little Stranger." Mrs. Smith has presented the Colonel with Number Two, and here is Number One sitting upon mamma's bed, who watches her fondly, while Mrs. Monthly Nurse exclaims that she is a little lady to hold baby so well; and Number One's dumpy little legs and feet stick straight out, and she holds the little stranger as if she were made of glass, while poor dolly lies prostrate and neglected, with her nose against the floor; and dimly seen over the bed upon the wall is a picture of Christ, saying, Suffer little children to come unto me. It is full of feeling and poetry, this little picture, and it is most carefully executed. The drawing is admirable. Every object is firm, clear, and natural. I heartily congratulate Mr. GUY. But baby is unquestionably a bouncer, considering that mamma does not yet sit up, or only for a very short time, during the day; and as for dolly— It was fortunate that my fellow-artist did not hear the discussion that I heard carried on in a group of admiring spectators, whether dolly were not a living baby, with her wretched nose grinding the dust! The admiring group were full of interest and enjoyment of the picture; but what idea must they have had of it! How entirely the sentiment was lost upon them, the desertion of dolly for baby, and the dimly suggested blessing! But the discussion strongly enforced the great truth that he who speaks to the public, whether by tongue, or pencil, or pen, must, first of all, speak with perfect distinctness. It seems to me as if Mr. Guy had done so in this picture; but, I suppose, the discussion shows that he has not.

It is very pleasant to observe the growth and activity which the Exhibition reveals; and I could wander up and down all these columns talking of the pictures. But I can not go further to-day. The chief defect which any careful spectator—who listens to me—will remark in the galleries is a want of thoroughness; a dash to grasp the prize of success without the preparation. But, dear brethren, there are no short cuts in any art. Genius may impress by a sudden sally; but genius holds its own only by patience and knowledge. As the *Nation* truly says, there are too many sketches in the exhibition. A painter's memoranda and note-books are essential to his pictures; but they are not pictures. When he has become a master, it is interesting to know his methods. Mine, for instance, are very interesting. But in your case, gentlemen, who are yet tyros, the results, and not the processes, of your work alone interest us. If you object to this demand of thoroughness and conscience that you are poor men, who must make a living, the court rules that you ought not to be able to make a living by painting poor pictures. And a sensational picture is a poor one. A sensational style palls in painting as well as in literature. The great names in both departments are not those of odd and grotesque men, but of those who were simple and healthful and intelligent.

NOTES.

THERE is a report in the papers that the Pacha of Egypt has offered a commission to General BEAUREGARD. We have heard also of the departure of other military gentlemen for the East, with the understanding that there is to be an Egyptian revolution and republic. To those who have been in that country, and who are familiar with its inhabitants, the prospects of a republic will not seem to be very promising. A revolution of the Pacha against the Sultan would not be very interesting, nor would its success offer any prospect of improvement; while a revolution of the Egyptians themselves is inconceivable.

WE are very sorry to see that Governor ALCORN has sent a message to the Mississippi Legislature recommending separate schools for white and colored children. If the colored citizens do not wish their children to be taught in company with white children, or *vice versa*, it is a matter of taste which they should gratify at their own expense. But the State ought not to recognize color more than sect or race. It is a perilous discrimination which can have no other conceivable result than mischief; and we trust that the Legislature will have sagacity and humanity enough to refuse to follow the advice of the Governor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 25.—In the Senate, a bill was reported relative to the subject of the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment, and Conference Committees were appointed on the Census and Income-Tax bills.—In the House, bills were introduced for the reduction of taxation and the abolition of special licenses, except on certain articles; chartering the American and Holland Ocean Cable Company; regulating trade and commerce between the States; and changing the standard weights of silver coin. A resolution was adopted for a bill providing pensions for all surviving soldiers of the war of 1812.

April 26.—In the Senate, Mr. Wilson reported his substitute for the House Army bill, which, although similar to Mr. Logan's bill passed by the House, is less severe in its provisions. It reduces the number of enlisted men in the army to 25,000 by July 1, 1871. A resolution was adopted for a distribution among the States of the proceeds from the sale of public lands, for the purpose of establishing a general educational system. Mr. Pomeroy's joint resolution in relation to the conduct of Spain in her treatment of the Cuban insurgents was indefinitely postponed.—In the House, almost the entire session was occupied with debate on the Tariff.

April 27.—In the Senate, a bill was reported to organize the Territory of Oklahoma, and to consolidate the Indian tribes under a territorial form of government.—In the House, besides the debate on the Tariff bill, there was a long discussion in reference to the report of a General Amnesty bill, in place of private bills of a similar nature. It was called up by a bill, which was passed, relieving certain persons in Texas of civil disabilities.

April 28.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced relieving, under the operation of the Fourteenth Amendment, all persons, with certain exceptions, from political disabilities—the exceptions being such persons as left Congress and the army and navy to aid the rebellion, and all persons who were members of State conventions which adopted ordinances of secession.—The House passed a bill to establish a Department of Justice.

April 29.—In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to provide for a new method of selecting military and naval cadets, by examination before a competent committee in each district.—In the House, the Senate bill granting public lands to aid in the construction of a railroad in Oregon was passed. After a long discussion adverse reports were received on the petition for the relief of General Robert Anderson, and the bill permitting retired officers to hold civil offices.

April 30.—The Senate was not in session, and in the House most of the day was occupied with the discussion of private bills.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The New York State Legislature adjourned *sine die*, April 26. Among the bills passed toward the close of the session was the Arcade Railroad bill. The Pneumatic Tube Company's bill was defeated.

The Attorney-General of this State has given an opinion on the new Excise act, in which he states that the only important change is in vesting the power to grant licenses in city and town, instead of county authorities. There is, he then says, no conflict between the acts of 1857 and 1870, and the sale of liquors on Sunday, or on election days, within a certain distance of the polls, he holds to be prohibited by the latter.

A poor old crazy man, under the delusion that his life was threatened, fled from New York to Long Island, the other day, to escape his imaginary pursuers. Passing through Middle Village on the run, he was set upon by a crowd of men and boys, who mistook him for a burglar, and so severely beaten that he is not expected to survive.

Rumors thicken of a serious war with the Indians. It is reported that several thousand warriors are collecting at different points on the frontier, for a campaign against the whites, of greater magnitude than was ever before attempted. Red Cloud, it is stated, left Fort Fetterman a few days since, with three hundred Sioux warriors, for Powder River, to collect his bands.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news from France is disquieting. The discovery of a new plot against the life of the Emperor is reported. A man named Beauri, recently arrived from England, was arrested in Paris on the 30th ult., and upon his person was found a letter from Gustave Flourens, with a note of instructions as to the part he was to take in the "conspiracy." A part of the plot, it was said, was to blow up the Tuileries and the Police Head-quarters, but this was subsequently denied. The organizers of the plot are said to belong to the International Association of Workmen. Beauri is an English student of science, and, it is stated, has confessed his intention to assassinate the Emperor. There seems to be no doubt of the existence of a very formidable conspiracy, and many arrests have been made by the police. The meetings held to discuss the plebiscite are increasing in "turbulence." One has been dispersed by the police, because some one present proposed the impeachment of the Emperor. The people left quietly, but expressed their disapprobation by cheering for the Republic and singing the "Marseillaise." The proposer of impeachment was arrested the following morning.

Fresh outbreaks have occurred in various parts of Spain, but they were at once suppressed. At Santiago one hundred arrests were made. Three hundred refugees from Spain have arrived in France.

Captain Eyre, of the *Bombay*, is making an effort to secure the restoration of his certificate.

Six hundred fathers in the Œcumenical Council voted on the 26th ult. for the *Constitutio de Fide*.

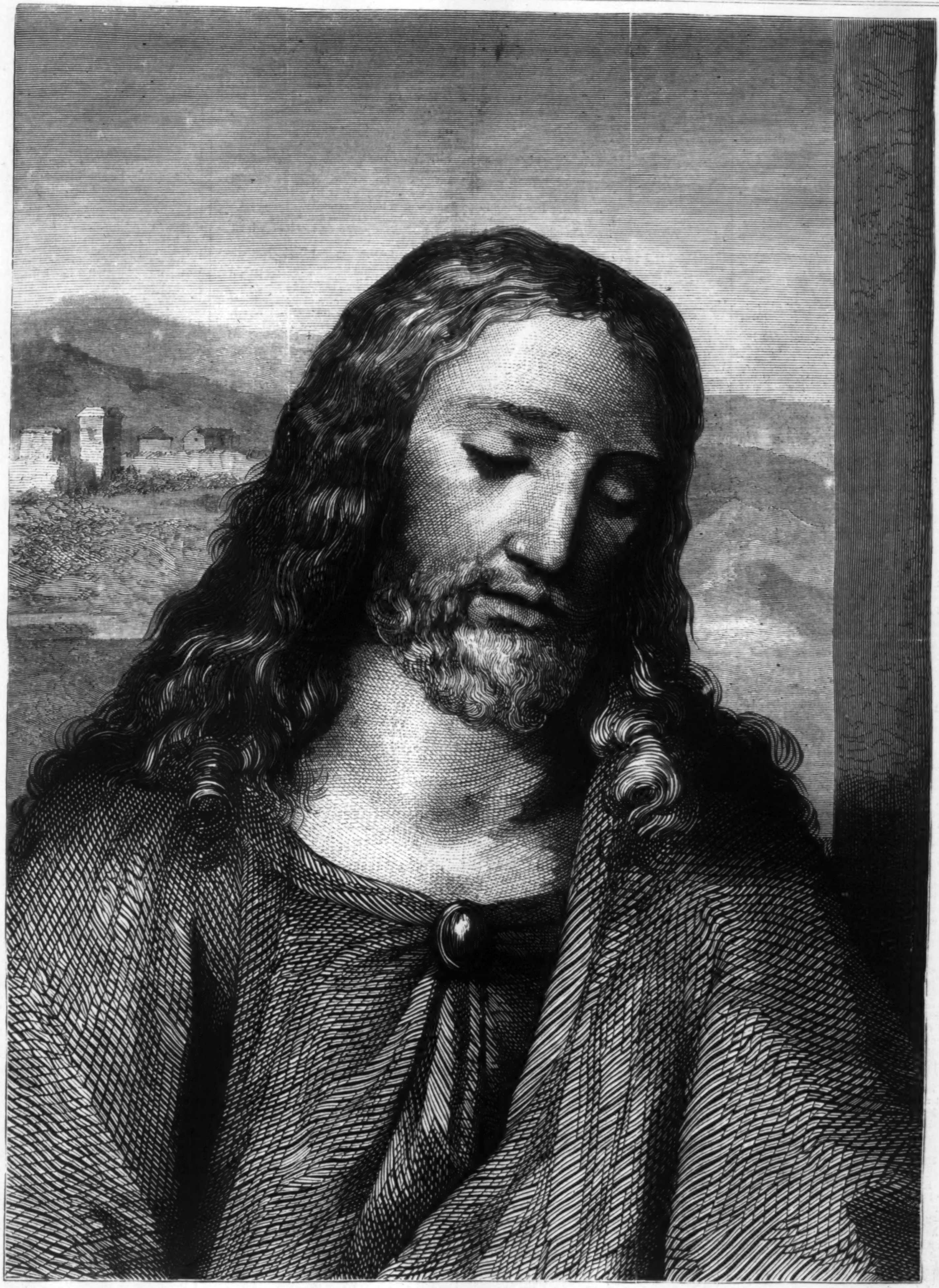
There is very little news from Cuba. Spanish reports are given of a recent nine hours' fight in the Macio mountains, in which the insurgents under Modisto Diaz were defeated. Three battalions of Spanish troops were engaged.

AN IRISH LANDLORD WALKING OUT, GUARDED BY POLICEMEN.

SCENE IN IRELAND.

THE severity of the act recently passed by the English Parliament for the suppression of disorders in Ireland, as might have been foreseen, has had just the contrary effect to that intended. Not only has it given a fresh impulse to emigration, but rendered life and property more insecure than ever. The illustration we give this week on this page is a sketch taken at Balrath, in the county of Meath, the residence of Mr. NICHOLSON, a large owner of land, who was fired at, near his own house, and his coachman killed by the assassin's bullet, intended for Mr. NICHOLSON, four or five months ago. Since that attempt upon his life Mr. NICHOLSON has had a force of armed police constantly stationed at his house. He seldom ventures beyond the limits of his own park; and whenever he takes a walk he carries a loaded rifle, and is protected by a constable on each side of him, with two more constables behind, all with their carbines at full cock. If he goes along the high-road he is followed by a party of armed policemen in a car, with a short

THE PASCHAL LAMBS.—[SEE PAGE 309.]



HEAD OF OUR SAVIOUR.—[By Leonardo da Vinci.]

ladder, by which to scale any wall over which the assassins might escape pursuit. He never for a moment feels any security, and knows that any neglect of these precautions would probably cost him his life.

THE PASCHAL LAMBS.

The two paschal lambs to be killed at Easter every year, for the Pope's table, are blessed on St. Agnes's Day, January 21, in the church of St. Agnes, outside the city walls of Rome, on the Tivoli Road. The engraving on page 308 shows the performance of this ceremony, by Cardinal Barilli, in the present year. The animals, having been bandaged with red ribbons and placed on cushions, were brought into the church, and laid upon the altar. After the celebration of high-mass they were sprinkled with holy-water, and a formal sentence of benediction was pronounced over them. It is usual for the Pope at Easter to present one of them to some royal personage; a part of the other is served on his own table on Easter-Sunday, and part is given to the poor. The wool of these lambs is carefully preserved, spun into yarn by the nuns of St. Agnes, and woven into cloth for the sacred pallium. This vestment, having been blessed by the Pope, is laid upon the tomb of the Apostle, under the great dome of St. Peter's.

HEAD OF OUR SAVIOUR.

The engraving on this page is taken from the greatest of Leonardo da Vinci's greatest painting, "The Last Supper." This extraordinary work was painted near the close of the fifteenth century, for the end wall of the refectory of the Dominican Convent of Santa Maria della Grazie at Milan. From the beginning all went wrong with this picture, which seemed projected under evil stars. The convent was damp and ill built, the wall dangerously placed between the kitchen and the refectory. In 1500 an inundation laid the chamber under water for some time; and one who saw the picture in 1642 spoke of it as a thing of the past. In 1652 a door was broken through under the figure of our Saviour, which destroyed the feet. In 1726 a miserable bungler, as conceited as he was imbecile, painted it all over. In 1770 a fool named Mazza retouched all but three heads. Before this the unhappy picture had been whitewashed. In 1796 Napoleon gave express orders to respect the sacred room; but later generals turned it into a stable and hay dépôt. Luckily the great man's sketches for these pictures are still extant; the head of the Saviour, from which our engraving is taken, is in the Gallery at Milan, on a soiled and creased bit of paper.

Of this great picture of "The Last Supper" there are several anecdotes extant. The Prior, it is said, complained to the Pope of Leonardo's delay in completing the work—especially the heads of our Saviour and of Judas. The painter, summoned to account for his tardiness, replied that he despaired of attaining his ideal of the tender beauty and dignity of our Saviour's face; but that the malice and greed of Judas he could take from the Prior; which indeed he is said to have done. Da Vinci in this picture has invested the Saviour's face with the blended attributes of divinity and humanity. The serene majesty of Deity is softened by a compassionate forgiveness, in which love and sorrow are touchingly united.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO, BY

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

TAKE heed of this small child of earth;
He is great: he hath in him God most high.
Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light, bitter world of wrongs
They come; God gives us them a while.
His speech is in their stammering tongues,
And His forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes.
Alas! their right to joy is plain.
If they are hungry, Paradise
Weeps, and, if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.
Man holds an angel in his power.
Ah! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs

When God seeks out these tender things
Whom in the shadow where we sleep
He sends us clothed about with wings,
And finds them ragged babes that weep!

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

TENTH SCENE.—THE BEDROOM.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

LADY LUNDIE DOES HER DUTY.

THE scene opens on a bedroom—and discloses, in broad daylight, a lady in bed.

Persons with an irritable sense of propriety, whose self-appointed duty it is to be always crying out, are warned to pause before they cry out on this occasion. The lady now presented to view being no less a person than Lady Lundie herself, it follows, as a matter of course, that the utmost demands of propriety are, by the mere assertion of that fact, abundantly and indisputably satisfied. To say that any thing short of direct moral advantage could, by any possibility, accrue to any living creature by the presentation of her ladyship in a horizontal, instead of a perpendicular position, is to assert that Virtue is a question of posture, and that Respectability ceases to assert itself when it ceases to appear in morning or evening dress. Will any body be bold enough to say that? Let nobody cry out, then, on the present occasion.

Lady Lundie was in bed.

Her ladyship had received Blanche's written announcement of the sudden stoppage of the bridal tour; and had penned the answer to Sir Patrick—the receipt of which at Ham Farm has been already described. This done, Lady Lundie felt it due to herself to take a becoming position in her own house, pending the possible arrival of Sir Patrick's reply. What does a right-minded woman do, when she has reason to believe that she is cruelly distrusted by the members of her own family? A right-minded woman feels it so acutely that she falls ill. Lady Lundie fell ill accordingly.

The case being a serious one, a medical practitioner of the highest grade in the profession was required to treat it. A physician from the neighboring town of Kirkandrew was called in.

The physician came in a carriage and pair, with the necessary bald head, and the indispensable white cravat. He felt her ladyship's pulse, and put a few gentle questions. He turned his back solemnly, as only a great doctor can, on his own positive internal conviction that his patient had nothing whatever the matter with her. He said, with every appearance of believing in himself, "Nerves, Lady Lundie. Repose in bed is essentially necessary. I will write a prescription." He prescribed, with perfect gravity: Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia—15 drops. Spirits of Red Lavender—10 drops. Syrup of Orange Peel—2 drams. Camphor Julep—1 ounce. When he had written, Misce fiat Haustus (instead of Mix a Draught)—when he had added, Ter die Sumendus (instead of To be taken Three times a day)—and when he had certified to his own Latin, by putting his initials at the end, he had only to make his bow; to slip two guineas into his pocket; and to go his way, with an approving professional conscience, in the character of a physician who had done his duty.

Lady Lundie was in bed. The visible part of her ladyship was perfectly attired, with a view to the occasion. A fillet of superb white lace encircled her head. She wore an adorable invalid jacket of white cambric, trimmed with lace and pink ribbons. The rest was—bed-clothes. On a table at her side stood the Red Lavender Draught—in color soothing to the eye; in flavor not unpleasant to the taste. A book of devotional character was near it. The domestic ledgers, and the kitchen report for the day, were ranged modestly behind the devout book. (Not even her ladyship's nerves, observe, were permitted to interfere with her ladyship's duty.) A fan, a smelling-bottle, and a handkerchief lay within reach on the counterpane. The spacious room was partially darkened. One of the lower windows was open, affording her ladyship the necessary cubic supply of air. The late Sir Thomas looked at his widow, in effigy, from the wall opposite the end of the bed. Not a chair was out of its place; not a vestige of wearing apparel dared to show itself outside the sacred limits of the wardrobe and the drawers. The sparkling treasures of the toilet-table glittered in the dim distance. The jugs and basins were of a rare and creamy white; spotless and beautiful to see. Look where you might, you saw a perfect room. Then look at the bed—and you saw a perfect woman, and completed the picture.

It was the day after Anne's appearance at Swanhaven—toward the end of the afternoon.

Lady Lundie's own maid opened the door noiselessly, and stole on tip-toe to the bedside. Her ladyship's eyes were closed. Her ladyship suddenly opened them.

"Not asleep, Hopkins. Suffering. What is it?"

Hopkins laid two cards on the counterpane. "Mrs. Delamayn, my lady—and Mrs. Glenarm."

"They were told I was ill, of course?"

"Yes, my lady. Mrs. Glenarm sent for me. She went into the library, and wrote this note." Hopkins produced the note, neatly folded in three-cornered form.

"Have they gone?"

"No, my lady. Mrs. Glenarm told me Yes or No would do for answer, if you could only have the goodness to read this."

"Thoughtless of Mrs. Glenarm—at a time when the doctor insists on perfect repose," said Lady Lundie. "It doesn't matter. One sacrifice more or less is of very little consequence."

She fortified herself by an application of the smelling-bottle, and opened the note. It ran thus:

"So grieved, dear Lady Lundie, to hear that you are a prisoner in your room! I had taken the opportunity of calling with Mrs. Delamayn, in the hope that I might be able to ask you a question. Will your inexhaustible kindness forgive me if I ask it in writing? Have you had any unexpected news of Mr. Arnold Brinkworth lately? I mean, have you heard any thing about him, which has taken you very much by surprise? I have a serious reason for asking this. I will tell you what it is, the moment you are able to see me. Until then, one word of answer is all I expect. Send word down—Yes, or No. A thousand apologies—and pray get better soon!"

The singular question contained in this note suggested one of two inferences to Lady Lundie's mind. Either Mrs. Glenarm had heard a report of the unexpected return of the married couple to England—or she was in the far more interesting and important position of possessing a clew to the secret of what was going on under the surface at Ham Farm. The phrase used in the note, "I have a serious reason for asking this," appeared to favor the latter of the two interpretations. Impossible as it seemed to be that Mrs. Glenarm could know something about Arnold of which Lady Lundie was in absolute ignorance, her ladyship's curiosity (already powerfully excited by Blanche's mysterious letter) was only to be quieted by obtaining the necessary explanation forthwith, at a personal interview.

"Hopkins," she said, "I must see Mrs. Glenarm."

Hopkins respectfully held up her hands in horror. Company in the bedroom in the present state of her ladyship's health!

"A matter of duty is involved in this, Hopkins. Give me the glass."

Hopkins produced an elegant little hand-mirror. Lady Lundie carefully surveyed herself in it down to the margin of the bed-clothes. Above criticism in every respect? Yes—even when the critic was a woman.

"Show Mrs. Glenarm up here."

In a minute or two more the iron-master's widow fluttered into the room—a little overdressed as usual; and a little profuse in expressions of gratitude for her ladyship's kindness, and of anxiety about her ladyship's health. Lady Lundie endured it as long as she could—then stopped it with a gesture of polite remonstrance, and came to the point.

"Now, my dear—about this question in your note? Is it possible you have heard already that Arnold Brinkworth and his wife have come back from Baden?" Mrs. Glenarm opened her eyes in astonishment. Lady Lundie put it more plainly. "They were to have gone on to Switzerland, you know, for their wedding tour, and they suddenly altered their minds, and came back to England on Sunday last."

"Dear Lady Lundie, it's not that! Have you heard nothing about Mr. Brinkworth except what you have just told me?"

"Nothing."

There was a pause. Mrs. Glenarm toyed hesitatingly with her parasol. Lady Lundie leaned forward in the bed, and looked at her attentively.

"What have *you* heard about him?" she asked.

Mrs. Glenarm was embarrassed. "It's so difficult to say," she began.

"I can bear any thing but suspense," said Lady Lundie. "Tell me the worst."

Mrs. Glenarm decided to risk it. "Have you never heard," she asked, "that Mr. Brinkworth might possibly have committed himself with another lady before he married Miss Lundie?"

Her ladyship first closed her eyes in horror, and then searched blindly on the counterpane for the smelling-bottle. Mrs. Glenarm gave it to her, and waited to see how the invalid bore it before she said any more.

"There are things one *must* hear," remarked Lady Lundie. "I see an act of duty involved in this. No words can describe how you astonish me. Who told you?"

"Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn told me."

Her ladyship applied for the second time to the smelling-bottle. "Arnold Brinkworth's most intimate friend!" she exclaimed. "He ought to know if any body does. This is dreadful. Why should Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn tell *you*?"

"I am going to marry him," answered Mrs. Glenarm. "That is my excuse, dear Lady Lundie, for troubling you in this matter."

Lady Lundie partially opened her eyes in a state of faint bewilderment. "I don't understand," she said. "For Heaven's sake explain yourself!"

"Haven't you heard about the anonymous letters?" asked Mrs. Glenarm.

Yes. Lady Lundie had heard about the letters. But only what the public in general had heard. The name of the lady in the background not mentioned; and Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn assumed to be as innocent as the babe unborn. Any mistake in that assumption? "Give me your hand, my poor dear, and confide it all to *me!*"

"He is not quite innocent," said Mrs. Glenarm. "He owned to a foolish flirtation—all *her* doing, no doubt. Of course, I insisted on a distinct explanation. Had she really any claim on him? Not the shadow of a claim. I felt that I only had his word for that—and I told him so. He said he could prove it—he said he knew her to be privately married already. Her husband had disowned and deserted her; she was at the end of her resources; she was desperate enough to attempt any thing. I thought it all very suspicious—until Geoffrey mentioned the man's name. *That* certainly proved that he had cast off his wife; for I myself knew that he had lately married another person."

Lady Lundie suddenly started up from her pillow—honestly agitated; genuinely alarmed by this time.

"Mr. Delamayn told you the man's name?" she said, breathlessly.

"Yes."

"Do I know it?"

"Don't ask me!"

Lady Lundie fell back on the pillow.

Mrs. Glenarm rose to ring for help. Before she could touch the bell, her ladyship had rallied again.

"Stop!" she cried. "I can confirm it! It's true, Mrs. Glenarm! it's true! Open the silver box on the toilet-table—you will find the key in it. Bring me the top letter. Here! Look at it. I got this from Blanche. Why have they suddenly given up their bridal tour? Why have they gone back to Sir Patrick at Ham Farm? Why have they put me off with an infamous subterfuge to account for it? I felt sure something dreadful had happened. Now I know what it is!" She sank back again, with closed eyes, and repeated the words, in a fierce whisper, to herself. "Now I know what it is!"

Mrs. Glenarm read the letter. The reason given for the suspiciously-sudden return of the bride and bridegroom was palpably a subterfuge—and, more remarkable still, the name of Anne Silvester was connected with it. Mrs. Glenarm became strongly agitated on her side.

"This *is* a confirmation," she said. "Mr. Brinkworth has been found out—the woman *is* married to him—Geoffrey is free. Oh, my dear friend, what a load of anxiety you have taken off my mind! That vile wretch—"

Lady Lundie suddenly opened her eyes.

"Do you mean," she asked, "the woman who is at the bottom of all the mischief?"

"Yes. I saw her yesterday. She forced herself in at Swanhaven. She called him Geoffrey Delamayn. She declared herself a single woman. She claimed him before my face in the most audacious manner. She shook my faith, Lady Lundie—she shook my faith in Geoffrey!"

"Who is she?"

"Who?" echoed Mrs. Glenarm. "Don't you even know that? Why her name is repeated half a dozen times in this letter!"

Lady Lundie uttered a scream that rang through the room. Mrs. Glenarm started to her feet. The maid appeared at the door in terror. Her ladyship motioned to the woman to withdraw again instantly, and then pointed to Mrs. Glenarm's chair.

"Sit down," she said. "Let me have a minute or two of quiet. I want nothing more."

The silence in the room was unbroken until Lady Lundie spoke again. She asked for Blanche's letter. After reading it carefully, she laid it aside, and fell for a while into deep thought.

"I have done Blanche an injustice!" she exclaimed. "My poor Blanche!"

"You think she knows nothing about it?"

"I am certain of it! You forget, Mrs. Glenarm, that this horrible discovery casts a doubt on my step-daughter's marriage. Do you think, if she knew the truth, she would write of a wretch who has mortally injured her as she writes here? They have put her off with the excuse that she innocently sends to *me*. I see it as plainly as I see you! Mr. Brinkworth and Sir Patrick are in league to keep us both in the dark. Dear child! I owe her an atonement. If nobody else opens her eyes, I will do it. Sir Patrick shall find that Blanche has a friend in Me!"

A smile—the dangerous smile of an inveterately vindictive woman thoroughly roused—showed itself with a furtive suddenness on her face. Mrs. Glenarm was a little startled. Lady Lundie below the surface—as distinguished from Lady Lundie *on* the surface—was not a pleasant object to contemplate.

"Pray try to compose yourself," said Mrs. Glenarm. "Dear Lady Lundie, you frighten me!"

The bland surface of her ladyship appeared smoothly once more; drawn back, as it were, over the hidden inner self, which it had left for the moment exposed to view.

"Forgive me for feeling it!" she said, with the patient sweetness which so eminently distinguished her in times of trial. "It falls a little heavily on a poor sick woman—innocent of all suspicion, and insulted by the most heartless neglect. Don't let me distress you. I shall rally, my dear; I shall rally! In this dreadful calamity—this abyss of crime and misery and deceit—I have no one to depend on but myself. For Blanche's sake, the whole thing must be cleared up—probed, my dear, probed to the depths. Blanche must take a position that is worthy of her. Blanche must insist on her rights, under My protection. Never mind what I suffer, or what I sacrifice. There is a work of justice for poor weak Me to do. It shall be done!" said her ladyship, fanning herself with an aspect of illimitable resolution. "It shall be done!"

"But, Lady Lundie, what can you do? They are all away in the south. And as for that abominable woman—"

Lady Lundie touched Mrs. Glenarm on the shoulder with her fan.

"I have my surprise in store, dear friend, as well as you. That abominable woman was employed as Blanche's governess in this house. Wait! that is not all. She left us suddenly—ran away—on the pretense of being privately married. I know where she went. I can trace what she did. I can find out who was with her. I can follow Mr. Brinkworth's proceedings, behind Mr. Brinkworth's back. I can search out the truth, without depending on people compromised in this black business, whose interest it is to deceive me. And I will do it to-day!" She closed the fan with a sharp snap of triumph, and settled herself on the pillow in placid enjoyment of her dear friend's surprise.

Mrs. Glenarm drew confidentially closer to the bedside. "How can you manage it?" she asked, eagerly. "Don't think me curious. I have my interest, too, in getting at the truth. Don't leave me out of it, pray!"

"Can you come back to-morrow, at this time?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Come, then—and you shall know."

"Can I be of any use?"

"Not at present."

"Can my uncle be of any use?"

"Do you know where to communicate with Captain Newenden?"

"Yes—he is staying with some friends in Sussex."

"We may possibly want his assistance. I can't tell yet. Don't keep Mrs. Delamayn waiting any longer, my dear. I shall expect you to-morrow."

They exchanged an affectionate embrace. Lady Lundie was left alone.

Her ladyship resigned herself to meditation, with frowning brow and close-shut lips. She looked her full age, and a year or two more, as she lay thinking, with her head on her hand, and her elbow on the pillow. After committing herself to the physician (and to the red lavender draught), the commonest regard for consistency made it necessary that she should keep her bed for that day. And yet it was essential that the proposed inquiries should be instantly set on foot. On the one hand, the problem was not an easy one to solve; on the other, her ladyship was not an easy one to beat. How to send for the landlady at Craig Fernie, without exciting any special suspicion or remark—was the question before her. In less than five minutes she had looked back into her memory of current events at Windygates—and had solved it.

Her first proceeding was to ring the bell for her maid.

"I am afraid I frightened you, Hopkins. The state of my nerves. Mrs. Glenarm was a little sudden with some news that surprised me. I am better now—and able to attend to the household matters. There is a mistake in the butcher's account. Send the cook here."

She took up the domestic ledger and the kitchen report; corrected the butcher; cautioned the cook; and disposed of all arrears of domestic business before Hopkins was summoned again. Having, in this way, dextrously prevented the woman from connecting any thing that her mistress said or did, after Mrs. Glenarm's departure, with any thing that might have passed during Mrs. Glenarm's visit, Lady Lundie felt herself at liberty to pave the way for the investigation on which she was determined to enter before she slept that night.

"So much for the indoor arrangements," she said. "You must be my prime minister, Hopkins, while I lie helpless here. Is there any thing wanted by the people out of doors? The coachman? The gardener?"

"I have just seen the gardener, my lady. He came with last week's accounts. I told him he couldn't see your ladyship to-day."

"Quite right. Had he any report to make?"

"No, my lady."

"Surely, there was something I wanted to say to him—or to somebody else? My memorandum-book, Hopkins. In the basket, on that chair. Why wasn't the basket placed by my bedside?"

Hopkins brought the memorandum-book. Lady Lundie consulted it (without the slightest necessity), with the same masterly gravity exhibited by the doctor when he wrote her prescription (without the slightest necessity also).

"Here it is," she said, recovering the lost remembrance. "Not the gardener, but the gardener's wife. A memorandum to speak to her about Mrs. Inchbare. Observe, Hopkins, the association of ideas. Mrs. Inchbare is associated with the poultry; the poultry are associated with the gardener's wife; the gardener's wife is associated with the gardener—and so the gardener gets into my head. Do you see it? I am always trying to improve your mind. You do see it? Very well. Now about Mrs. Inchbare? Has she been here again?"

"No, my lady."

"I am not at all sure, Hopkins, that I was right in declining to consider the message Mrs. Inchbare sent to me about the poultry. Why

shouldn't she offer to take any fowls that I can spare off my hands? She is a respectable woman; and it is important to me to live on good terms with all my neighbors, great and small. Has she got a poultry-yard of her own at Craig Fernie?"

"Yes, my lady. And beautifully kept, I am told."

"I really don't see—on reflection, Hopkins—why I should hesitate to deal with Mrs. Inchbare. (I don't think it beneath me to sell the game killed on my estate to the poulterer). What was it she wanted to buy? Some of my black Spanish fowls?"

"Yes, my lady. Your ladyship's black Spaniards are famous all round the neighborhood. Nobody has got the breed. And Mrs. Inchbare—"

"Wants to share the distinction of having the breed with me," said Lady Lundie. "I won't appear ungracious. I will see her myself, as soon as I am a little better, and tell her that I have changed my mind. Send one of the men to Craig Fernie with a message. I can't keep a trifling matter of this sort in my memory—send him at once, or I may forget it. He is to say I am willing to see Mrs. Inchbare, about the fowls, the first time she finds it convenient to come this way."

"I am afraid, my lady—Mrs. Inchbare's heart is so set on the black Spaniards—she will find it convenient to come this way at once as fast as her feet can carry her."

"In that case, you must take her to the gardener's wife. Say she is to have some eggs—on condition, of course, of paying the price for them. If she does come, mind I hear of it."

Hopkins withdrew. Hopkins's mistress reclined on her comfortable pillows, and fanned herself gently. The vindictive smile reappeared on her face. "I fancy I shall be well enough to see Mrs. Inchbare," she thought to herself. "And it is just possible that the conversation may get beyond the relative merits of her poultry-yard and mine."

A lapse of little more than two hours proved Hopkins's estimate of the latent enthusiasm in Mrs. Inchbare's character to have been correctly formed. The eager landlady appeared at Windygates on the heels of the returning servant. Among the long list of human weaknesses, a passion for poultry seems to have its practical advantages (in the shape of eggs) as compared with the more occult frenzies for collecting snuff-boxes and fiddles, and amassing autographs and old postage-stamps. When the mistress of Craig Fernie was duly announced to the mistress of Windygates, Lady Lundie developed a sense of humor for the first time in her life. Her ladyship was feebly merry (the result, no doubt, of the exhilarating properties of the red lavender draught) on the subject of Mrs. Inchbare and the Spanish fowls.

"Most ridiculous, Hopkins! This poor woman must be suffering from a determination of poultry to the brain. Ill as I am, I should have thought that nothing could amuse me. But, really, this good creature starting up, and rushing here, as you say, as fast as her feet can carry her—it's impossible to resist it! I positively think I must see Mrs. Inchbare. With my active habits, this imprisonment to my room is dreadful. I can neither sleep nor read. Any thing, Hopkins, to divert my mind from myself. It's easy to get rid of her if she is too much for me. Send her up."

Mrs. Inchbare made her appearance, courtesying deferentially; amazed at the condescension which admitted her within the hallowed precincts of Lady Lundie's room.

"Take a chair," said her ladyship, graciously. "I am suffering from illness, as you perceive."

"My certie! sick or well, yer leddyship's a braw sight to see!" returned Mrs. Inchbare, profoundly impressed by the elegant costume which illness assumes when illness appears in the regions of high life.

"I am far from being in a fit state to receive any body," proceeded Lady Lundie. "But I had a motive for wishing to speak to you when you next came to my house. I failed to treat a proposal you made to me, a short time since, in a friendly and neighborly way. I beg you to understand that I regret having forgotten the consideration due from a person in my position to a person in yours. I am obliged to say this under very unusual circumstances," added her ladyship, with a glance round her magnificent bedroom, "through your unexpected promptitude in favoring me with a call. You have lost no time, Mrs. Inchbare, in profiting by the message which I had the pleasure of sending to you."

"Eh, my leddy, I wasna' that sure (yer leddyship having ance changed yer mind) but that ye might e'en change again if I failed to strike, as they say, while the iron's het. I crave yer pardon, I'm sure, if I ha' been ower hasty. The pride o' my hairt's in my powltry—and the 'black Spaniards' (as they ca' them) are a sair temptation to me to break the tenth commandment, sae lang as they're a' in yer leddyship's possession, and nane o' them in mine."

"I am shocked to hear that I have been the innocent cause of your falling into temptation, Mrs. Inchbare! Make your proposal—and I shall be happy to meet it, if I can."

"I must e'en be content wi' what yer leddyship will condescend on. A haitch o' eggs if I can come by naething else."

"There is something else you would prefer to a hatch of eggs?"

"I wad prefer," said Mrs. Inchbare, modestly, "a cock and twa pullets."

"Open the case on the table behind you," said Lady Lundie, "and you will find some writing-paper inside. Give me a sheet of it—and the pencil out of the tray."

Eagerly watched by Mrs. Inchbare, she wrote an order to the poultry-woman, and held it out with a gracious smile.

"Take that to the gardener's wife. If you agree with her about the price, you can have the cock and the two pullets."

Mrs. Inchbare opened her lips—no doubt to express the utmost extremity of human gratitude. Before she had said three words, Lady Lundie's impatience to reach the end which she had kept in view from the time when Mrs. Glenarm had left the house burst the bounds which had successfully restrained it thus far. Stopping the landlady without ceremony, she fairly forced the conversation to the subject of Anne Silvester's proceedings at the Craig Fernie inn.

"How are you getting on at the hotel, Mrs. Inchbare? Plenty of tourists, I suppose, at this time of year?"

"Full, my leddy (praise Providence), frae the basement to the ceiling."

"You had a visitor, I think, some time since of whom I know something? A person—" She paused, and put a strong constraint on herself. There was no alternative but to yield to the hard necessity of making her inquiry intelligible. "A lady," she added, "who came to you about the middle of last month."

"Could yer leddyship condescend on her name?"

Lady Lundie put a still stronger constraint on herself. "Silvester," she said, sharply.

"Presairve us a'!" cried Mrs. Inchbare. "It will never be the same that cam' driftin' in by hersel'—wi' a bit bag in her hand, and a husband left daidling an hour or mair on the road behind her?"

"I have no doubt it is the same."

"Will she be a freend o' yer leddyship's?" asked Mrs. Inchbare, feeling her ground cautiously.

"Certainly not!" said Lady Lundie. "I felt a passing curiosity about her—nothing more."

Mrs. Inchbare looked relieved. "To tell ye truth, my leddy, there was nae love lost between us. She had a maisterfu' temper o' her ain—and I was weel pleased when I'd seen the last of her.

"I can quite understand that, Mrs. Inchbare—I know something of her temper myself. Did I understand you to say that she came to your hotel alone, and that her husband joined her shortly afterward?"

"E'en sae, yer leddyship. I was no' free to gi' her house-room in the hottle till her husband daidled in at her heels and answered for her?"

"I fancy I must have seen her husband," said Lady Lundie. "What sort of a man was he?"

Mrs. Inchbare replied in much the same words which she had used in answering the similar question put by Sir Patrick.

"Eh! he was ower young for the like o' *her*. A pratty man, my leddy—betwixt tall and short; wi' bonny brown eyes and cheeks, and fine coal-blaik hair. A nice douce-spoken lad. I hae naething to say against him—except that he cam' late one day, and took leg-bail betimes the next morning, and left madam behind, a load on my hands."

The answer produced precisely the same effect on Lady Lundie which it had produced on Sir Patrick. She, also, felt that it was too vaguely like too many young men of no uncommon humor and complexion to be relied on. But her ladyship possessed one immense advantage over her brother-in-law in attempting to arrive at the truth. *She* suspected Arnold—and it was possible, in her case, to assist Mrs. Inchbare's memory by hints contributed from her own superior resources of experience and observation.

"Had he any thing about him of the look and way of a sailor?" she asked. "And did you notice, when you spoke to him, that he had a habit of playing with a locket on his watch-chain?"

"There he is, het aff to a T!" cried Mrs. Inchbare. "Yer leddyship's weel acquented wi' him—there's nae doot o' that."

"I thought I had seen him," said Lady Lundie. "A modest, well-behaved young man, Mrs. Inchbare, as you say. Don't let me keep you any longer from the poultry-yard. I am transgressing the doctor's orders in seeing any body. We quite understand each other now, don't we? Very glad to have seen you. Good-evening."

So she dismissed Mrs. Inchbare, when Mrs. Inchbare had served her purpose.

Most women, in her position, would have been content with the information which she had now obtained. But Lady Lundie—having a man like Sir Patrick to deal with—determined to be doubly sure of her facts before she ventured on interfering at Ham Farm. She had learned from Mrs. Inchbare that the so-called husband of Anne Silvester had joined her at Craig Fernie on the day when she arrived at the inn, and had left her again the next morning. Anne had made her escape from Windygates on the occasion of the lawn-party—that is to say, on the fourteenth of August. On the same day Arnold Brinkworth had taken his departure for the purpose of visiting the Scotch property left to him by his aunt. If Mrs. Inchbare was to be depended on, he must have gone to Craig Fernie instead of going to his appointed destination—and must, therefore, have arrived to visit his house and lands one day later than the day which he had originally set apart for that purpose. If this fact could be proved, on the testimony of a disinterested witness, the case against Arnold would be strengthened tenfold; and Lady Lundie might act on her discovery with something like a certainty that her information was to be relied on.

After a little consideration she decided on sending a messenger with a note of inquiry addressed to Arnold's steward. The apology she invented to excuse and account for the strangeness of the proposed question, referred it to a little family discussion as to the exact date of Arnold's arrival at his estate, and to a friendly wager in which the difference of opinion had ended. If the steward could state whether his employer had arrived on the fourteenth or on the fifteenth of August, that was all that would be wanted to decide the question in dispute.

Having written in those terms, Lady Lundie gave the necessary directions for having the note delivered at the earliest possible hour on the next morning; the messenger being ordered to make his way back to Windygates by the first return train on the same day.

This arranged, her ladyship was free to refresh herself with another dose of the red lavender draught, and to sleep the sleep of the just, who close their eyes with the composing conviction that they have done their duty.

The events of the next day at Windygates succeeded each other in due course, as follows:

The post arrived, and brought no reply from Sir Patrick. Lady Lundie entered that incident on her mental register of debts owed by her brother-in-law—to be paid, with interest, when the day of reckoning came.

Next in order occurred the return of the messenger with the steward's answer.

He had referred to his Diary; and he had discovered that Mr. Brinkworth had written beforehand to announce his arrival at his estate for the fourteenth of August—but that he had not actually appeared until the fifteenth. The one discovery needed to substantiate Mrs. Inchbare's evidence being now in Lady Lundie's possession, she decided to allow another day to pass—on the chance that Sir Patrick might alter his mind, and write to her. If no letter arrived, and if nothing more was received from Blanche, she resolved to leave Windygates by the next morning's train, and to try the bold experiment of personal interference at Ham Farm.

The third in the succession of events was the appearance of the doctor to pay his professional visit.

A severe shock awaited him. He found his patient cured by the draught! It was contrary to all rule and precedent; it savored of quackery—the red lavender had no business to do what the red lavender had done—but there she was, nevertheless, up and dressed, and contemplating a journey to London on the next day but one. "An act of duty, doctor, is involved in this—whatever the sacrifice, I must go!" No other explanation could be obtained. The patient was plainly determined—nothing remained for the physician but to retreat with unimpaired dignity, and a paid fee. He did it. "Our art," he explained to Lady Lundie in confidence, "is nothing, after all, but a choice between alternatives. For instance. I see you—not cured, as you think—but sustained by abnormal excitement. I have to ask which is the least of the two evils—to risk letting you travel, or to irritate you by keeping you at home. With your constitution, we must risk the journey. Be careful to keep the window of the carriage up on the side on which the wind blows. Let the extremities be moderately warm, and the mind easy—and pray don't omit to provide yourself with a second bottle of the Mixture before you start." He made his bow, as before—he slipped two guineas into his pocket, as before—and he went his way, as before, with an approving conscience, in the character of a physician who had done his duty. (What an enviable profession is Medicine! And why don't we all belong to it?)

The last of the events was the arrival of Mrs. Glenarm.

"Well?" she began, eagerly, "what news?"

The narrative of her ladyship's discoveries—recited at full length; and the announcement of her ladyship's resolution—declared in the most uncompromising terms—raised Mrs. Glenarm's excitement to the highest pitch.

"You go to town on Saturday?" she said. "I will go with you. Ever since that woman declared she should be in London before me, I have been dying to hasten my journey—and it is such an opportunity to go with you! I can easily manage it. My uncle and I were to have met in London, early next week, for the foot-race. I have only to write and tell him of my change of plans.—By-the-by, talking of my uncle, I have heard, since I saw you, from the lawyers at Perth."

"More anonymous letters?"

"One more—received by the lawyers this time. My unknown correspondent has written to them to withdraw his proposal, and to announce that he has left Perth. The lawyers recommended me to stop my uncle from spending money uselessly in employing the London police. I have forwarded their letter to the Captain; and he will probably be in town to see his solicitors as soon as I get there with you. So much for what *I* have done in this matter. Dear Lady Lundie—when we are at our journey's end, what do *you* mean to do?"

"My course is plain," answered her ladyship, calmly. "Sir Patrick will hear from me, on Sunday morning next, at Ham Farm."

"Telling him what you have found out?"

"Certainly not! Telling him that I find myself called to London by business, and that I propose paying him a short visit on Monday next."

"Of course, he must receive you?"

"I think there is no doubt of that. Even *his* hatred of his brother's widow can hardly go to the length—after leaving my letter unanswered—of closing his doors against me next."

"How will you manage it when you get there?"

"When I get there, my dear, I shall be breathing an atmosphere of treachery and deceit; and, for my poor child's sake (abhorrent as all dissimulation is to me), I must be careful what I do. Not a word will escape my lips until I have first seen Blanche in private. However painful it may be, I shall not shrink from my duty, if my duty compels me to open her eyes to the truth. Sir Patrick and Mr. Brinkworth will have somebody else besides an inexperienced young creature to deal with on Monday next. I shall be there."

With that formidable announcement, Lady Lundie closed the conversation; and Mrs. Glenarm rose to take her leave.

"We meet at the Junction, dear Lady Lundie?"

"At the Junction, on Saturday."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

As the members of the Massachusetts Legislature moved slowly in hacks through New Bedford's streets, an old lady, attracted by their solemn and dignified appearance, stepped into a store and asked, "Whose funeral is that?" The shop-keeper replied, "Why, that's the Legislature." "Du tel," said the old lady, "when did he die?"

A stranger in a printing-office asked the youngest apprentice what his rule of punctuation was. "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then I put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semicolon; and when I want a chew of tobacco I make a paragraph."

To Cure Deafness.—Tell a man you've come to pay him money. It beats acoustic oil all hollow.

This Side Up.—We saw Jake nailing up a box, the other day, containing some articles which he intended to send by express. From the nature of the contents it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage, so we ventured the suggestion to Jake to place the much-abused "This side up," etc., conspicuously upon the cover. A few days after we saw Jake. "Heard from your goods, Jake? Did they go there safely?" "Every one broke," replied Jake, suddenly. "Lost the hull lot! Hang the Express Company!" "Did you put 'this side up,' as we told you?" "Yes, I did; and fur fear they shouldn't see it on the kiver, I put it on the bottom too—confound 'em!"

The first Sign of Spring—"To Let."

A story is told of two men who traveled together three days in a stage-coach without a word ever passing between them. On the fourth day one of them at length ventured to remark that it was a fine morning. "And who said it weren't?" was the reply.

The last case of indolence is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that, in writing his name, he simply used the letter "J," and then punched a hole through the paper.

Two rival sausage dealers in Paris have their shops adjoining. One of them has painted on his glass window, over a pyramid of sausages, "At ten cents a pound; to pay more is to be robbed;" while the other puts his sausages into an obelisk, and paints above it, "At twelve cents a pound; to pay less is to be poisoned."

Switch-tenders—Hair-pins.

Two twin brothers in New York are so much alike that they frequently borrow money of each other without knowing it.

"Oh that mine enemy had written a book!" said Job. "What do you suppose Job wanted his enemy to write a book for?" a pupil was said to have asked her teacher, who had something of a literary turn. "Why, my dear, Job wanted to review it, of course, and cut it up."

When is a boat like a pile of snow?—When it is adrift.

The lady whose blood curdled in her veins, has ever since been very sour in her disposition.

A boy's idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows: "The doctor hitched fast on me, pulled his best, and just before it killed me the tooth came out."

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone absence will conquer love." "Oh, never fear, dear husband; the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

Mindful of the traditional relationship of dog to sausage, a waggish rhymer pens the following "ode" to his favorite puppy:

"Oh, the pup, the beautiful pup!
Drinking his milk from a china cup,
Gamboling round so frisky and free,
First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea;
Jumping,
Running,
After the pony;
Beautiful pup, you will soon be Bologna."

An Unpopular "Ism" with Every Body—The rheumatism.

A good story is told of a young man who applied to one of our hotels for a situation. The landlord informed him that there was but one place vacant, that of lamp-cleaner. The questioner accepted the situation, observing that he would like something as remunerative as possible, as he was once a clerk, spoke four different languages fluently, etc. "Oh! that's of no consequence," said the unappreciative landlord; "this business won't require you to speak but one language, and mighty little of that."

You ask me, love, how many times
I think of you a day;
I frankly answer only once,
And mean just what I say.
You seem perplexed, and somewhat hurt;
But wait and hear the rhyme;
Pray, how can one do more than once
What one does all the time?

An exchange received the following advertisement for publication: "Whare As My Whife polly Jane —— has Left my bed And Bored with out Eny good Cauze, hoosumever Will trust Her in my Count I wunt Pay him. James ——."

Josh Billings says he will never patronize a lottery so long as he can hire any body else to rob him at reasonable wages.

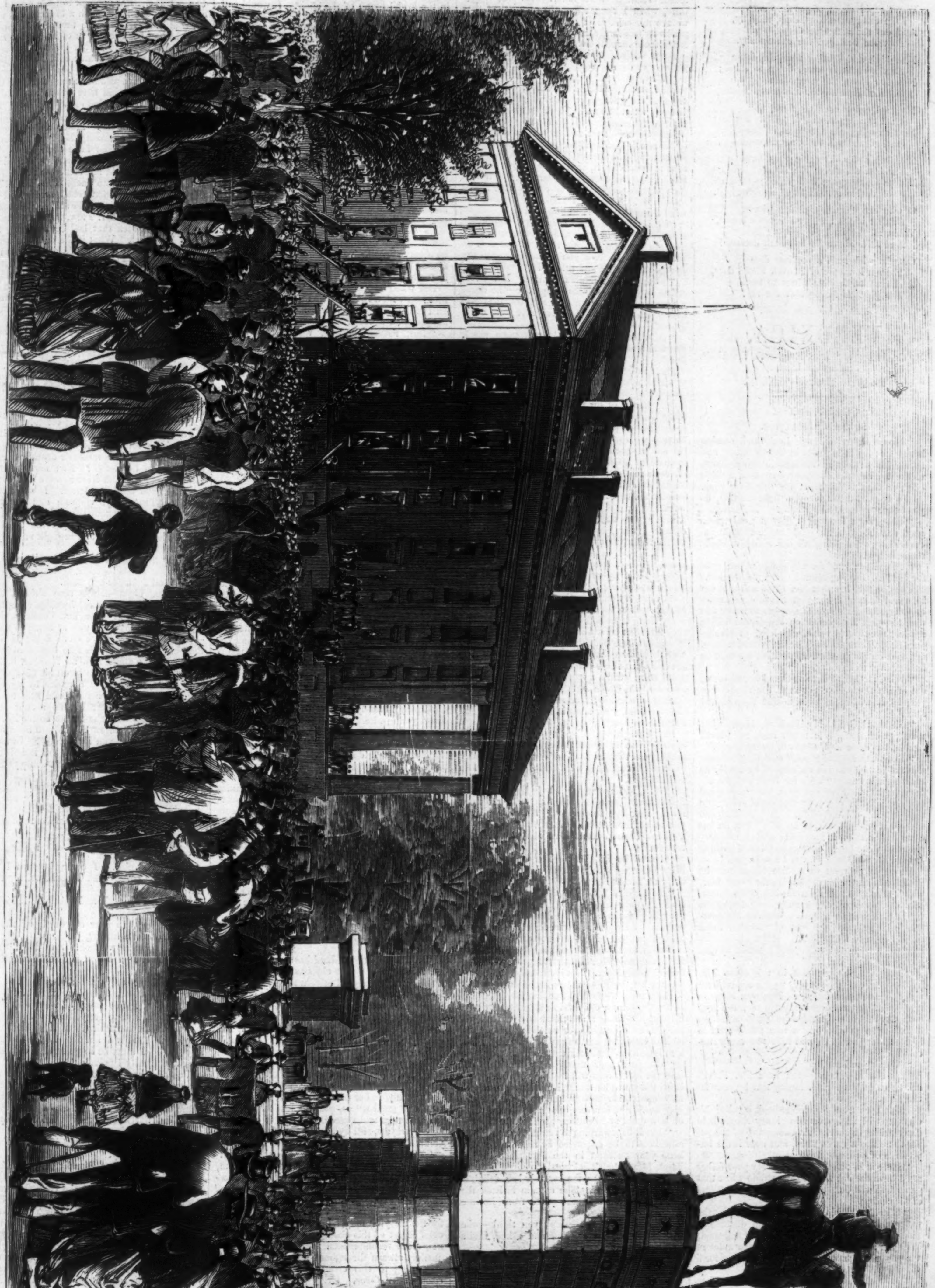
A Clock is like a Man.—It has two hands, a face, an inside, and an outside. Sometimes the hands point to the truth—but it is not ashamed to show its face when they don't. It is a useful bit of machinery—so is man. It often gets out of order—so does man. It is often wound up—so is man. It strikes—so does man. It is not always to be relied on—no more is man. It is hung up in the Tombs—so is man.

People who are behind the times should be fed on ketchup.

Song for a Deaf Person—"Come back to Erin."

A prodigal son writes from Omaha: "I have to have my only shirt washed by the dozen, for it is in as many pieces, and the smallest hole in it is the one I put my head through."

THE RICHMOND CALAMITY—INTERIOR OF HALL OF DELEGATES—GETTING OUT THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.
FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE RICHMOND CALAMITY—REMOVING THE DEAD AND WOUNDED FROM THE CAPITOL.—From Photographs by E. and H. T. Anthony, 501 Broadway, N. Y.—[See First Page.]

THE SWALLOWS.

With rapid shoot of purple wings,
Like crescent arrow-heads, they fly,
And cut the soft blue deeps as if
To them belonged the endless sky.

Now high and soaring near the dome
That spreads in azure down to earth;
Now low along the river wide
That mirrors all the Summer's mirth;

Now skimming over meadows rich
With waving crowds of golden flowers;
Now stooping close, a moment's rest,
On lichened rail in orchard bowers.

Then up and swift again they hunt
Through deserts of the air and light,
Where bluest space and yielding breath
Stretch wide around their utmost flight.

O who can e'er such gladness know
As that which fills the swallow's breast,
When all the land in morning lies,
And skies above the sun hath dressed!

Or who with such a reckless dive
The sea immense of Heaven would dare,
And rush on fearless wings to taste
The glorious freedom of the air!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER XIII.

ZILLAH'S RESOLUTION.

"Mother!" cried Hugh Lockwood, coming hastily into the little parlor in Gower Street, and taking his mother in his arms, "good news, mother! Let me see your dear face a little brighter than it has been for this long time. There is good news for you, little mother, do you hear?"

"Good news for me? *That* can only mean good news for you, my son!" replied Zillah, unconsciously epitomizing all her widowed life in the sentence.

"Of course; good for me, good for you, good for Maud. Darling Maud! Kiss me, mother."

Then he told her that Mr. Frost had that day informed him by letter that the sum of money borrowed from his late father—so the note was worded—plus the interest on the capital during the last twenty-five years, was lying at his disposal at Mr. Lovegrove's office in Bedford Square, and that on his personal application it would be handed over to him.

"Why, mother, it is more than I hoped to get out of the fire. Five per cent. for twenty-five years! It will more than double the original sum!"

"Oh, thank God! My Hugh, my Hugh, what a weight of remorse is taken from my heart! And he has done well, after all, poor Sidney!"

"Done well? Not at all," said Hugh, whose sense of justice was not obfuscated by his joy as his mother's was. "Very far from well he has done, mother. Five per cent. on the capital every year is the very least that could pretend to approach fair dealing—and, in fact, nothing can make his conduct out to be fair. But he has done better than I expected; and I am very glad and thankful, and mean to think of nothing but the bright side of things, I assure you."

When Hugh went to receive his money he perceived that the brass plate on the outer door, which usually stood open during office hours, had been removed, and a man was painting out the black letters on a drab ground on the door-post, which formed the words, "Messrs. Frost and Lovegrove, Solicitors." Hugh was shown into Mr. Lovegrove's office, and received by that gentleman in person.

"The last time we met in this office, Mr. Lockwood," said the lawyer, "your errand here was to repudiate a fortune. Now you come to receive—well, not a fortune, perhaps, but a sum of money that in my young days would have been looked upon as affording a very pretty start in life. I am glad of it, and wish you every success."

"Thank you heartily."

"You have—ahem!—you have Mr. Frost's acknowledgment for the money lent by your father, Mr. Lockwood?"

Hugh took from his pocket-book a yellow bit of paper witl some words in Sidney Frost's bold clear writing upon it. At one corner of the paper there was a green stain, and near it the impression of a thumb in red paint.

"Here it is, Mr. Lovegrove. My poor father must have been at work in his studio when that paper was written. It is marked with the traces of his calling."

"H'm!" said Mr. Lovegrove, examining the paper gravely. "A sadly informal document. Ha! well, here is the money, Mr. Lockwood. Will you be kind enough to count the notes in the presence of my clerk? Just step here for a moment, if you please, Mr. Burgess."

"It is all quite right, Sir," said Hugh, when this had been done. Then, when the clerk left the room, he said, with a slight hesitation, "I don't know how intimate your knowledge of Mr. Frost's private affairs may have been, but I can not help entertaining an idea that I owe the recovery of this money mainly to your influence, Mr. Lovegrove."

"As to my knowledge of the state of Mr. Frost's private fortune, it is now, I may say, *extremely* intimate. But I have only quite recently learned the existence of this debt to you. And—Mr. Lockwood, I make no excuses for my partner. But I—I—I will confess to you that it hurts me to hear any one hard upon him. And there were certain palliations—certain palliations. His domestic relations were unfortunate. Upon my word, when I see the quantity of mischief that women are capable of causing, I feel thankful, positively most truly thankful, that they don't exercise their power more ruthlessly than they do!"

Hugh smiled. "You have had a happy experience of the sex yourself, Sir," said he.

"Why, yes. My mother was an excellent woman, and my wife is an excellent woman, and my girls are good, sound-hearted girls as you'll find any where, thank God! And I most firmly believe, Mr. Lockwood, that the young lady whom you are about to marry is an ornament to her sex. You love her and respect her very much now, I have not the least doubt. But, take my word for it, that you will love her and respect her more when she has been your wife some dozen years! Oh, of course, that seems impossible! Yes, yes, I know. I suppose you will be married very soon now?"

"As soon as possible!" said Hugh, with much energy. "Oh, by-the-by, Mr. Lovegrove, I see they are painting out the name of the firm on your door-post. Are you going to make any change in the style and title of it?"

"Yes; a considerable change. Mr. Frost retires from the business altogether—the deeds were signed this morning—and the firm will henceforth be known as Lovegrove and Lovegrove."

"All success to it under its new name, say I. But I had not heard that this was in contemplation."

Mr. Lovegrove proceeded to narrate as briefly as might be the misfortunes that had, as he said, determined Mr. Frost to give up business—so much, that is, of his misfortunes as must inevitably become matter of public notoriety. He spared his old partner as much as possible in the narrative. But he did not by any means spare his old partner's wife, to whom indeed he was inclined to attribute every thing that had gone ill, even to the total smash and failure of the Parthenope Embellishment Company, which had become matter of public notoriety within the last week.

Hugh was much shocked. And his good opinion of Mr. Lovegrove was greatly enhanced by the feeling he evinced for his old friend.

"He is really a most superior man, Mr. Lockwood. I don't know a more superior man than Sidney Frost is—or *was*—was, alas! He is a wreck now, Sir. You wouldn't know him. I want to send him off to Cannes or Nice, or some of those places for the winter. He has given up every thing most honorably to his creditors, and they have not behaved badly. They understood to a man whose door to lay the extravagance at. Any thing like that woman— However, it is unavailing to dilate upon *that*. But when all is done, there will be a small—a small annuity remaining, which will suffice to maintain Frost in comfort at some of those southern places. Ah, bless my soul, *what* a superior man he was when I first knew him!"

Mr. Lovegrove did not say that the "small annuity" was to come entirely out of his own pocket, and that its amount caused him sundry twinges of conscience when he looked at his wife and children.

"Well, Mr. Lovegrove, I hope that one of the first transactions of the new firm will be to draw up my marriage settlement. And I shall ask you to continue to look after Maud's interests. Perhaps Captain Sheardown will be the other trustee?"

"I shall be delighted. You intend to have Miss Desmond's little bit of money settled entirely on herself?"

"To be sure I do! I won't detain you any longer. Your time is precious, and I suppose you can guess in which direction *my* steps are to be bent. I long to see Maudie's face flush and brighten when I tell her my news. Good-by."

Maud's face did flush and brighten in a manner which may be supposed to have been satisfactory to her lover. But it also expressed much pity for Mr. Frost when she heard his story.

Hugh merely informed her that Mr. Frost had at length paid an old debt that had been due to his (Hugh's) father; and that having entertained but slender hopes of ever receiving the money, he had deemed it best to say nothing about it to her, lest she might suffer disappointment.

"Oh, poor, poor man! How dreadful to be deserted by his own wife! The very one person in all the world he might have hoped to rely on for comfort and sympathy in his troubles. I have seen her. She is a very beautiful woman. But, oh how cruel and heartless she must be!"

"Let it be a warning to you not to suffer your affections to be engrossed by millinery, and to keep your husband in the first place in your heart, Mrs. Hugh Lockwood!"

The Sheardowns were scarcely less delighted than Hugh himself. The captain insisted that the wedding should take place from Lowater House.

"But ought I not—don't you think—what will Uncle Charles say?" Maud asked, hesitatingly.

"Do you think, my dearest, that your guardian will be hurt if you are not married from his roof?"

"I—I'm afraid so," said Maud.

"Well, I will write and ask his permission to let it be from Lowater," said the captain.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Sheardown, thoughtfully, "it would be best, after all, for Maud to be married in London, if she will, and go down to Shipley after the ceremony. Would you consent to that, Maudie?"

Maud thought she would consent to that.

If all had gone differently, she would have liked to be married in the ancient village church that she had worshiped in from childhood. But now there would be too many painful associations connected with St. Gildas! She would miss Veronica's face beaming out from its accustomed corner; she would miss Veronica's voice in the bridal hymn of the choir. It would call up in the vicar's mind all that was sad and terrible in his daughter's fate. No: it would be better to be married in town. And, after all, it mattered very little to herself. Hugh would be there. Hugh would take care of her. Hugh would love her. Could any thing matter very much as long as she had Hugh? Mrs. Sheardown took an opportunity of drawing Hugh aside, and explaining to him her reasons for thinking that the vicar of Shipley-in-the-Wold would be rather relieved than offended by getting rid of the spectacle of his ward's wedding. Meanwhile there was much to be done. A letter had to be written to the architect whose business Hugh intended to purchase. A friend in the neighborhood of Danecester was to be commissioned to look out for a house for the young couple. The house must have a garden, at any rate, and, if possible, a little stable for a pony and pony-carriage, which Hugh intended to purchase for the use of his wife. Though this latter desideratum, he observed smilingly, he could build for himself, if need were. And there must be a cottage found in the neighborhood for Mrs. Lockwood.

But when he spoke of this to his mother, she met him with a request that he would leave that part of his arrangements which concerned her in abeyance for a while.

"But, mother darling, why? Surely you mean to live near us, don't you?"

"Perhaps not, Hugh. Don't ask me any more at present. I may have something to tell you by-and-by. You need not look uneasy. It is nothing terrible. I will not deceive you—*again*."

At the end of a fortnight, and when the day fixed for the wedding was near at hand, Zillah Lockwood made the confidence she had announced to her son.

"Hugh," said she, "I have become a Roman Catholic."

"A Roman Catholic! Mother!"

"Yes: I humbly hope to find peace and forgiveness in the bosom of the Church. I shall at least be able to make some expiation, and to pray for those whom I love. Rome does not reject the humble pious efforts after goodness of the faithful, as your stern Calvinistic creed does. I always, when I was a girl in Paris, had a great admiration for the good religieuses, and was attracted by them. The seed of their blessed example has borne fruit in my soul. The price of this house, which your father bequeathed to me, will suffice to gain me admission into a poor order whose members devote themselves to the sick poor. On the day of your marriage I shall become a member—an unworthy and humble member—of a pious sisterhood in Belgium. The good priest, who has been enlightening my dark mind with the comfortable truths of religion, will make all the necessary arrangements for me. I shall pray fervently for you, my son, and for your sweet young wife. And all I ask of you, Hugh, is to make me one promise. If ever you feel your heart drawn toward the ancient and holy Mother Church, do not resist the impulse. It may be that it comes from Heaven, in answer to the petitions of the earthly mother who bore you."

Nor could any expostulations or entreaties shake Zillah's determination. Hugh was greatly distressed by it. But wise, kind Nelly Sheardown consoled and comforted him.

"My dear Hugh," she said, "your mother will be happier in following this life than in any other which you could give her. I do not know Mrs. Lockwood's history; but she gives me the idea of a woman who has suffered much, and who is continually tormented by the contentions of pride with a very singularly sensitive conscience."

"You describe my mother with wonderful accuracy. How could you learn to know her so well?"

"Well, you know, Maud has talked to me of her much. Maud is as clear as crystal, and the impression she received of your mother she faithfully transmitted to me. Your mother has been accustomed to reign paramount in your affections; when you are married, that could, of course, no longer be the case. Indeed, it has already ceased to be the case. Mrs. Lockwood, in living near you, would be continually tormented by a proud jealousy of Maud's influence over you; and equally tormented by a conscientious sense of the wrongness of such a feeling. In her convent, in her care of the sick, and her devotion to good works, she will feel that her life is not useless and wasted, and that if even *only* by her prayers, still by her prayers she may serve you and yours."

So Zillah had her way without further opposition, and her two children, as she called them, were surprised by the air of serenity and cheerfulness which had succeeded to her old *repressed* look; the expression of one who had indeed resolved to be calm, but who paid a heavy price for the carrying out of her resolution. But the chief secret of this change in her was, that her new creed recommended itself to her notion of justice, always throughout her life unsatisfied. According to this creed, her sufferings would *count in her favor*. Every prayer, every privation, every penance, would be registered to her credit in the records of the Great Tribunal. She would suffer perhaps—yes; but she would not at least suffer *in vain*. And this thought conciliated Zillah's rebellious soul with the decrees of Providence, and in it her weary spirit found peace.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST PLANK.

Veronica was more wretched than she had ever yet been after the scene in which Cesare had asserted his masterhood over her and her fortune. She had fancied a week before that she could hardly be more unhappy than she then was. But she was doomed to taste a yet bitterer cup. It was bitter, with a bitterness at which her soul shuddered, to see herself so treated by one who had been the slave of her caprices, and had sworn that he loved her better than his own life. Men were all tyrants; all base, and fickle, and cruel. All, all, all— No, stay! Did she not know one man who was none of these things? One obscure, humble man whom she had disdained and derided in her old happy days. Happy days? Oh yes, how happy, how heavenly, in comparison with these! And she had been discontented and complaining then? *How* could it have been? She must have been mad. Why had no one taught her, warned her, helped her? Oh, if the past would but come back!

"Come back, come back, come back!" she cried aloud, with outstretched arms; and then crouched down sobbing and wailing in her misery.

The thought of Mr. Plew, however, came to strengthen an idea that had been vaguely floating in her mind. What if she could be separated from Cesare! She would give him half her fortune— Give him! Had he not said himself that all she had was his? No; she could give him nothing. But might he not consent to some arrangement being made? She did not love him now. She detested him, and she feared him. It was dreadful so to fear one with whom one lived one's daily life! She could not appeal to her father. He would do nothing. He would reproach her, and would not help her. She doubted even if he could. He seemed to have lost all energy. But Mr. Plew! Perhaps! She would write to Mr. Plew. When she had half finished her letter, she remembered that his mother was recently dead, and that he, too, must be in affliction. She tried to say some word of condolence. But it was flat and unmeaning. She could think of no grief, she could feel no sorrow save her own. Would the fact of his mother's death prevent his attending to her letter? No: surely not. It might even leave him freer to serve her. In any case she must send the letter. It was her last chance. Three days elapsed, and no answer came. She had reckoned that she might receive an answer on the afternoon of the third day. When the time passed, and brought no reply, her heart sank woefully.

"Has he forgotten me?" she thought, and clasped her hands together until her sharp rings drew blood from the soft flesh.

But that night—it was nine o'clock, Cesare was absent, as he was most evenings except when he had company at home, and Veronica, declining to accompany him, was at home in solitude—that same night there came a gentle ring at the bell, and the servant who answered it presently came up stairs with an insolent, half-suppressed smile of amusement on his face, and announced "Mr. Plew." Veronica by a great effort sat still on her accustomed sofa until the man had disappeared; but no sooner had he closed the door than she rushed to the little surgeon, and almost threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, God bless you for coming! I was fretting that you did not write; but it is better—how much better—that you have come yourself! I did not dare to hope *that!*"

The tears gathered in his eyes. That she should be so overjoyed to see *him!* The fact, thought Mr. Plew in his unselfishness and humility, was more eloquent than words to express the utterness of her desolation.

"Yes, princess—"

"Call me Veronica."

"Yes, Veronica. I came, because I could speak to you better than I could write. And I have much to say."

He looked very pale and wobegone in his black clothes.

"I was sorry to hear of your loss," she said, glancing at his mourning garments.

"Ah, my poor mother! She did not suffer much. And I—I did what I could to make her life happy."

"You have only just arrived. You must want food. Let me get you something."

"I do not feel as though I wanted food; but on principle, and to set you a good example, I will try to eat something. It is not well to fast too long. And if I am knocked up I can't do any good. I must be in possession of what energy and faculty I possess."

Veronica gave her orders. There was a difficulty in executing them. Wine there was, certainly, of various kinds; but as to supper, Madame la Princesse did not usually take supper. They did not know; they could not say that there was any thing provided!

"Get some supper, immediately!" said Veronica, imperiously.

Her command was literally obeyed. A nondescript subordinate, who served the servants, was dispatched to buy some cooked meat. It was sent up on a porcelain dish, flanked by two flasks of rare wine, and served with fine damask, and silver brave with the foreign-looking showy crest of the Barlettis. The village surgeon began to perceive that homely comfort and hospitable abundance did not always belong to the mansions of princes. In short, that things meant for human governance had an obstinate habit of declining to "govern themselves!"

"I'm afraid I have given you a good deal of trouble," said Mr. Plew, meekly.

"You see what kind of a banquet it is I am able to set before you," said Veronica. And she added, with a bitter laugh: "When I used to come to your cottage, and have tea with your mother, she was able to give me abundance of sweet, wholesome, appetizing food. But she was a poor widow in a country village. I am a princess with a grand retinue! However, here is something that the cottage could not furnish. This is good." And she rapidly poured out two goblets full of foaming wine, and drank nearly

the whole contents of one at a draught. Mr. Plew laid down his knife and fork, aghast.

"Take care, Veronica! That is a dangerous experiment! You have tasted no food, I'll be sworn, since dinner. And perhaps you ate but little at dinner? Am I not right?"

"Quite right. I never eat now. I hate eating."

"Good God!"

"Well—not quite *never!* Don't look so. You make me laugh, in spite of every thing, to see your horror-stricken face!"

But Mr. Plew showed no symptom of joining in the laugh. Timid and self-distrustful in most things—on his own ground, in matters pertaining to his profession, he could be strong and decided and resolute enough. What had contributed to make him so had been that his practice lay neither among educated persons who could in some measure be trusted to understand their own maladies, nor among idle, fanciful, imaginary invalids, who took to being "delicate" by way of amusement, and found life uninteresting until they could succeed in persuading themselves that they ran some risk of losing it; but among the lowest ranks of the ignorant poor, who had to be cured *in spite of themselves.*

"You don't know what you are doing," said Mr. Plew, gravely; and, without the least ceremony, he took the flask away from the neighborhood of Veronica's hand, and placed it near his own.

"Ha, mio povero Plew," she said, nodding her head at him, "you little know! This will have no effect upon me. I am past that."

"What do you mean, Veronica?" he said, sharply and sternly. "If you are joking, the joke is a very bad one. I think you are talking without rightly weighing the meaning of what you say."

"Ah, per Bacco, it is likely enough. I often do! But come, you don't eat—and you don't drink! Won't you try this wine? It isn't bad."

"What is it? I am not used to these costly vintages. I think I never tasted that kind of wine in my life before."

"That which I poured out is sparkling Moselle. The other is Hock. Which are you for?"

"Well—a little of this, I think," said Mr. Plew, filling a small wine-glass full of Hock.

"Oh misericordia, don't pour the Hock into that thimble! The bigger glass—the green glass—is meant for the Hock!"

"Thank you, this will do," said Mr. Plew, sipping the wine gravely. "That effervescent stuff I should take to be very heating and unwholesome."

Veronica leaned back on her sofa cushions and looked at him. He was small, common-looking, ill dressed, unpolished. His boots were thick and clumsy, his hands coarse and ungloved. She saw all this as keenly as she had ever seen it. But she saw also that he was good and generous and devoted. The only human being, she told herself, who was true to her;—the only one!

"I am so thankful you are come!" she exclaimed. The words broke from her almost involuntarily. Mr. Plew pushed his plate aside. In spite of what he had said, he had scarcely touched the food they had set before him. Then he drew his chair so as to front her sofa, and sat with his knees a little apart, his body leaning forward, his elbows resting on his knees, and his hands loosely clasped together. It was a familiar attitude of his. Veronica had seen him sitting thus a hundred times in the vicarage parlor, listening to her father, and looking at herself.

"Now," said he, "let us talk seriously."

"You must not oppose my wish! You *must* not! I tell you I can not go on living this life. I must part from Cesare. *He* will not care! Why should he? He has the money!"

As he now saw her, looking at her intently, and marking her face, her voice, her attitude, he perceived that she was greatly and deplorably changed. It cut him to the heart to see it.

"Before we speak of that, Veronica, I had best tell you something which I have it in charge to tell you."

"*In charge* to tell me? It is not about yourself, then?" An unreasonable suspicion flashed through her mind that he was going to tell her he was married—or betrothed. She forgot how unlikely his very presence there rendered such a suspicion: she forgot his mother's recent death. She only thought, "I shall lose him! He will slip through my fingers!"

Poor, wasted, fevered, clinging fingers, grasping with desperate selfishness at the kind true hand which offered the only touch of sympathy, the only chance of safety that remained to her!

"No: it is not about myself. It is news that you will, I am afraid, be vexed to hear. Your father—is married."

"Married!"

"I feared it would be disagreeable to you."

"Married! But when? Whom has he married?"

"He was married the day before yesterday to Farmer Meggitt's youngest daughter."

"Cissy Meggitt! *Cissy Meggitt!* It is impossible! Why, in the first place, Cissy is a child."

"She is very young, certainly, for the vicar. But she is not exactly a child. She is turned seventeen."

"My father married to Cissy Meggitt!"

Veronica repeated the words as though they were unintelligible to her.

"You must not let it afflict you too much. I am sorry for it, I confess. But you must hope for the best."

She remained silent and thoughtful for a few minutes, idly plucking at the lace around her sleeve.

"No," she said, at length. "I need not be afflicted. I don't know that it makes very much difference. In any case my father would not have been likely to do much to help *me*."

"Perhaps not. But I was not contemplating the event from that point of view. I was thinking, when I said I was sorry—of him," answered Mr. Plew, gently.

"Ah, yes—yes—very true—of him. I suppose he will—it will be a bad thing for papa."

Mr. Plew had dreaded an explosion of wrath and mortification on Veronica's part when she should learn her father's marriage. He knew her pride, her social ambition, her notion of her father's superiority by birth and breeding to most of those with whom he was brought into contact at Shipley. Even at Shipley the vicar's marriage was looked upon as a terrible mésalliance. Every body was offended and disgusted: the gentry, that the vicar should have stooped so low; the farmers, that Cissy Meggitt should have been raised so high. Mrs. Sack made it a text for justifying her secession from orthodoxy, and for prophesying the speedy downfall of the Establishment. The men wondered what could have bewitched rosy-cheeked Cissy Meggitt, a well-grown lass, as might have had her pick in the county, to go and tie herself up to an old man like that, and him as poor as a rat into the bargain. The women pitied the vicar, that they did. He was a fool, well and good, that they didn't gainsay. But Mrs. Meggitt's artfulness and cunning passed every thing. She'd wheedled the vicar till he didn't know which end of him was uppermost. They had thought it wouldn't never come to good, having a governess, and learning to play on the pianny. And now you saw, didn't you? If the height (a mysterious and oft-reiterated charge) of Mrs. Meggitt had been onbearable before, what did you suppose it 'ud be now? Though what there was to boast on, they couldn't tell. Cissy wasn't a lady, and wouldn't never be made into one, not if she married fifty vicars!

Mr. Plew had been sent for by the vicar on the evening before the wedding, and had had a painful scene with him. Mr. Levincourt oscillated between haughty declarations that he owed an account of his conduct to no man, and that he fully believed the step he was taking would be entirely for his happiness, and peevish lamentations over the misconduct of his daughter, who had left his home desolate and disgraced, and thus driven him to find sympathy and companionship where he could.

"Have you informed Ve— the Princess Barletti, Sir?" asked Mr. Plew.

"Informed her! No, Sir, I have not informed her. I am not bound to ask my daughter's permission to take what step I please. She deserves no confidence from me—none whatever!"

But presently it appeared that the vicar very much desired that Mr. Plew should take upon himself the task of communicating the news to Veronica.

"I promised to write to you," said Mr. Plew, finishing his recital, in which he had softened all the points that were likeliest to give her pain. "But then came your letter, and I—I made up my mind to come. Mr. Brown, of Shipley Magna, promised to look after my patients for a day or two. And—there is no one else to miss me."

"Then," said Veronica, raising her eyes, and coming out of a black reverie in which Mr. Plew's words had but faintly reached her consciousness, "I am quite alone in the world now!"

"Don't say that! Don't say that, Veronica! Your husband—"

"My husband!"

The accent with which she uttered the words was so heart-breaking in its utter hopeless bitterness, that Mr. Plew was silent for a moment. What could he oppose to that despair? But he presently made a brave effort to speak again.

"Yes, Veronica, your husband! If I cared less for you I should not have the courage to oppose you. But I *must* tell you, I *must* urge you to consider well that your husband is your natural friend and protector. No one can come between you and him. It can not be that reconciliation between you is hopeless. You are both young. He loves you. He seemed gentle and—"

She burst out into a storm of passionate tears.

"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? No one will believe me! no one will understand! Did you read my letter? I ask, did you read it? Gentle! yes, he is very gentle! Oh, very, very gentle! As velvet-footed as a tiger-cat! Would you like to see the mark of his claws?"

With a sudden fierce movement she tore open the long lace sleeve that she wore, and bared her arm to the shoulder. There were on the white, tender flesh two livid marks made by the brutal pressure of a clasping hand.

"Good God! you did not say—you did not tell me that he struck you!"

Mr. Plew's white face grew livid, and then turned crimson. He clenched his hand involuntarily.

"Oh, no! He did not strike me! He merely held me down in my chair with gentle violence, endeavoring to make me promise to receive a woman whom he desired to invite, and who had openly insulted me. I cried out with the pain, but I would not promise. I said he might kill me first."

"Oh, my good Heavens, this is dreadful!"

"I should not have escaped so easily—and perhaps I might have given way, for he hurt me, and I dread pain, I never could bear pain—and—and I am afraid of him. Oh, you don't know what deadly fear I am in sometimes! But a servant came into the room by chance, and I ran away and locked myself up."

"But—but he was sorry—he asked your pardon—what a damned cowardly brute the fellow must be!" cried Mr. Plew, suddenly breaking down in his efforts to preach patience to Veronica.

"When I showed him the marks next day, he said I had provoked him by my obstinacy, and that if I had had an English husband he would have beaten me within an inch of my life for my disobedience."

Mr. Plew got up and walked about the room, wiping his hot forehead with his handkerchief.

Presently he came back to the sofa. His eyes were full of tears. He took her hand in one of his, and placed his other hand on her head.

"Poor child!" he said. "Poor, unhappy child! Veronica, I would lay down my life to bring you comfort."

As he so stood looking at her with a tender compassion that was almost sublime in its purity from any alloy of self, the door was opened quickly and quietly, and Cesare de' Barletti stood in the room.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

BLOSSOM Rock, the most dangerous obstruction in the harbor of San Francisco, was blown up on the 23d of April. This rock was submerged six feet below the surface at low tide, and has proved a great annoyance and danger to shipping. The difficulties to be encountered in an attempt to remove this huge mass were immense. Nevertheless, the work was undertaken about four years ago, with the utmost confidence of success. After laborious preliminary preparations excavations in the rock commenced, and continued until a cavity was made, measuring 140 by 50 feet. It is estimated that about 40,000 cubic feet of stone were removed in making it. Into this cavity about twenty-five tons of powder were placed, with the most perfect arrangements for exploding the charge. It had been imagined by some that the explosion of such a quantity of powder, confined in a submarine vault, would be grand—terrifically grand. Between fifty and sixty thousand persons assembled to witness it; but the explosion was scarcely perceptible in the city: only a deep thud accompanied the blast. The water for, apparently, a space one hundred feet in diameter was thrown to a height of about one hundred feet, the centre being filled with smoke and stones. The success of this bold enterprise must certainly encourage and justify the most expeditious measures to be taken in removing the obstructions at Hell Gate.

Last week a child of two years, while playing in front of a house with other children, ventured on the railroad track, and a street car, passing swiftly, knocked him down and passed over his body. Death ensued in a few hours. This is by no means an uncommon incident—every few weeks some child is killed or injured by the cars in this city. The fact calls for an increase of care on the part of car-drivers, and also on the part of parents who allow children of tender age to play in the streets.

The Hudson Amateur Rowing Association, an organization comprising the principal rowing clubs of the cities of New York, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Albany, as well as clubs of other localities on the Hudson River, have sent a challenge to the London Rowing Club to invite a six-oared crew to visit this city, and compete in a six-oared shell race with a crew composed of members of that association; the race to take place about the first day of October next. The course is to be three miles, one and a half miles to a stake-boat and return, to be rowed over the Association Course on the Hudson River, and it is to be optional with either crew to carry or dispense with a coxswain.

The Rothschilds of Paris have recently been robbed of about half a million of dollars by an employé named Tassius. His position was that of manager of the bullion department, and in that capacity he purchased ingots of the precious metals which were offered for sale. The discovery of his frauds was accidentally made, in consequence of his delay in forwarding a bulk of 1000 English sovereigns, for which a customer had paid in 25,000 francs. Upon his failure to reappear at the bank, his till and chests were searched, and it was discovered that neither the 1000 sovereigns nor the 25,000 francs were there. The police were immediately informed, and they succeeded in arresting Tassius. A part of the lost money was found among his effects, and also some correspondence which indicated that a Prussian physician was implicated with him in the frauds.

The proper names Mr. Dickens introduces into his new novel are characteristically Dickens-like. Drood is neither common nor pretty; Jasper and Tope are rare names; Rev. Septimus Crisparkle is odd enough; Mr. Sapsea and Mr. Durdles, Miss Twinkleton and Mrs. Tisher, will not be likely to be confounded with the great families of Smith and Jones.

The New York *impressario*, Mr. Max Maretzek, has gone to Vienna, to secure, so report says, the celebrated Strauss, with his orchestra.

Not long ago the prima donna Nilsson witnessed a fatal accident in the streets of Paris, by which a young man on a velocipede was run down by a carriage and killed. In consequence of her nervous terror and anxiety she lost her voice for a day or two, and the opera in which she was announced to appear on the evening of the day of the disaster had to be postponed.

Is it, or is not, true that in the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island there is a large number of sane inmates, who are destitute of friends to secure their emancipation from the hospital? Such an assertion has been made by some persons officially connected with public charities. The matter should be promptly investigated; remedied if the report is true; and if not true, the public should have the satisfaction of knowing it to be false.

The "oldest inhabitant" of New Jersey, Miss Sallie Jelf, recently died at her residence in her native city of Elizabeth, in the one hundred and fifth year of her age. She was about ten years of age when the Revolutionary War broke out, and up to the time of her death remembered this event distinctly. She was fond of telling about her interviews with Washington and Lafayette, and of various incidents connected with the war. Although Miss Jelf kept up her knowledge of the progress of civilization, she had never seen a locomotive or rode in a street car. Indeed, for the last fifteen years she had never left her house.

From Washington comes a curious story, which is told about Colonel Cheney, a California politician, who went to hear the Parepa troupe perform "The Marriage of Figaro." Finding the lower part of the house crowded to suffocation, Cheney, rather than miss the music, went up into the unknown regions, and seated himself in that part of the gallery appropriated to the sons and daughters of Africa. Just as he was becoming enraptured by the sweet concord he felt a light tap on the shoulder, accompanied by "Dis am de cullud gallery," from a sable attendant. "S—h! All right," said the Californian, and again directed his entire attention to the stage, where Parepa was warbling like a robin. "But dis am de cullud gallery," interposed the black tormentor. "All right, I know it. I'd as soon be here as any where," said the placid Cheney. "But it am not all right. Dis am de cullud gallery, and you can't stay here," persisted the attendant; and Cheney had to clamber around and take a back seat among the "white trash" on the other side.

The floral decorations in the Arlington Street Church, on the occasion of the funeral of the late Anson Burlingame, were the most magnificent ever witnessed in Boston. Some idea of its extent may be gained by the statement that the array comprised 40,000 violets, 20,000 pinks, 300 dozen roses, 2000 camellias, and 1000 *Lilium candidum.*

A Massachusetts lady who has been suffering from an inflamed neck has been told by her physician that it is caused by horrid insects called borers, inhabiting the Hindoo bark braid of her chignon. She has cast the chignon from her, and has had her head shaved as smooth as a billiard-ball, fearing some of the vile insects had taken up their abode in her natural back hair.

We are not responsible for the report which comes from abroad that a young French lady, who was by accident vaccinated from the lymph taken from a Zouave, has ever since, to the distress of her family, given herself up to smoking, fencing, absinthe, and dancing, *à la militaire.*

The Russian government having admitted women to medical schools and medical practice, a foreign journal gives the following singular origin of this concession:

"Formerly it was found that the Cossacks objected to being attended by male physicians. On investigation it was discovered that they held a superstition concerning all diseases, and that their only ideas of remedial agents related to the incantations, charms, and holy herbs administered by witches. For ages the witch had been their physician; and the tradition was so strong that a few years ago, when some ladies applied to the government for admission to the chief medical school of St. Petersburg, a few of them were admitted on condition that they would pursue their practice among the Cossacks. It was evidently intended to supersede the 'witches.' This seems to have been followed by a larger concession."

About five months ago a man traveling on the New Jersey Railroad could not find his ticket when it was called for by the conductor. He asserted that he had bought one, but could not produce it, neither had he money enough to purchase another. The conductor told him he must get off of the car; and though in general in such a case a person is put off at the first station next reached, no such consideration was shown this poor man. The train was then nearing the Hackensack bridge, and though it was dark, he was forced to leave the car at once. He had not walked half a dozen steps when he fell through the bridge into the river. Passengers testified that he shouted for help, but the train moved on, and he was seen no more in life. Last week his body was found by two fishermen. The inquest has not been held at the time of this writing, but it is said that the conductor has fled to parts unknown.

A very good story is told of General Sheridan during the late gathering of the officers of the Army of the Potomac in Philadelphia. Invitations had been extended to the assembled heroes to visit the exhibition of "Sheridan's Ride" at the Academy of Fine Arts. Most of them soon stood among the crowd of visitors before the celebrated picture; but Sheridan himself was too modest to look at his own picture at a time when hundreds of his fellow-countrymen were discussing both the painting and the man. But he would not leave the city without seeing the painting, and therefore went alone and early in the morning to see what Mr. Buchanan Read's idea of his ride would prove to be. On leaving the hall he stopped for a moment before a chromo of the painting. The young man in attendance, ever anxious to extend the influence of art, inquired of the visitor (without looking up from the book in which he was rapidly entering the sales of chromos) if he would like to buy one of these pictures. "A capital likeness, Sir, of General Sheridan," said he. The Lieutenant-General put his hands in the pockets of his citizen's dress, and mildly replied that he did not care particularly for a likeness of Sheridan.

"But the horse, Sir," said the young man. "That famous black horse. There is no other picture of him in existence."

"Oh!" said General Sheridan, "I own the horse."

At Oberstein, in Germany, where there are large agate mills and quarries, the refuse is carefully turned to good account by being made into marbles, which are such favorite playthings with American boys. In Saxony a hard calcareous stone is used, which is first broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with a hammer. These are thrown by the hundred into a small sort of mill, which is formed of a flat, stationary slab of stone, with a number of concentric furrows upon its face. A block of oak, or other hard wood, of the same diametric size, is placed over the small stones and partly resting upon them. This block or log is kept revolving, while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned to spheres, called "marbles." One establishment, containing only three of these rude mills, will turn out full sixty thousand "marbles" in each week.

In Oregon, Washington Territory, and Alaska, there is no limit to the supply of salmon. The streams at certain seasons of the year are literally jammed with these fish. Contracts are frequently made with the Indians to catch and pack a barrel of salmon for $1 to $1 50. The efforts to export salmon in barrels have not been very successful. Being fat, they do not keep well, and, after a long voyage round the Horn, are not in good merchantable order. In order to keep well during a long overland transportation they must be packed in ice, or frozen by artificial process; and as there are parties ready to freeze the salmon, and the Pacific Railroad will transport, Eastern markets may be furnished with the best fish in the world abundantly.

NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRCASE.—[See Page 317.]

CONSECRATION OF A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

NEW SYNAGOGUE IN LONDON.

On this page we give an illustration of the consecration of the new Central Jewish Synagogue in London, which took place on the 7th of April. The building is a fine specimen of Moresque design, its thoroughly Oriental style being especially exemplified in the interior, with its tiers of columns decorated with Saracenic capitals, supporting the gallery, clear-story, and lofty vaulted roof. The ark, in which are placed the sacred scrolls of the law, is situated at the southeast end of the building, looking toward Jerusalem, and is covered by a heavy curtain, embroidered with gold. Immediately over it are the two tables of stone inscribed with the Ten Commandments; and above them, through a small circular window, shines the "perpetual light," which is never extinguished. The ark rests on a platform of white marble, raised several steps above the floor. The almemar, a large raised pew, where the readers, choristers, and harmonium are placed, stands conspicuously in the centre of the Synagogue, and is richly ornamented with gilt stanchions.

The ceremony chosen by the artist for illustration took place at the beginning of the service—bearing the scrolls of the law under a crimson canopy to their future resting-place in the ark, which was opened to receive them by Sir Moses Montefiore. These scrolls are wound round silver cylinders, decorated at the top with innumerable little bells, and are encased in gold-embroidered covers. Before their deposition in the ark they were carried seven times round the almemar, the choir meanwhile singing dedicatory psalms. The leading members of the Jewish community were present at the ceremony, among others the Rothschild family, who contributed liberally toward the construction of the synagogue.

Some of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in this country are to be found in the religious edifices erected by our fellow-citizens of the Jewish faith, among which the splendid synagogue situated at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, in this city, built in the Moresque style, is one of the most celebrated. It will have a magnificent rival in the synagogue now in process of erection in Cincinnati, as well as by one in this city, for which land has been recently purchased at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. The latter building will be constructed of freestone, at a cost of from $150,000 to $200,000.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Our illustration on page 316 may be taken as a companion picture to that entitled "Varnishing Day," published in our last Number. The Exhibition this spring is, to say the least, interesting. It contains fewer really bad pictures than any one we have had for years back, and gives a very fair impression of the condition of art in America at the present time, as well as encouraging promise for the future.

A SONG OF THE WIND.

SHE went across the autumn woods,
The netted branches through;
And the rotted leaves clung to her feet,
And to her hair the dew.
"O wind!" she cried, "for the Spring's sake,
And the love beyond the sea,
O south wind! O tender wind!
Oh, blow him back to me."

She went across the winter fields,
The salt tears rising fast,
With her folded robe about her head,
Against the bitter blast.
"O north wind! O winter wind!
Because the sun is gone,
Oh, tell him thou art keen and cold,
And I am all alone."

The wind came over the fair fields,
And the wind came through the woods,
And strange feet cross'd the pale spring grass,
And strange eyes saw the buds.
"O love!" he cried, "who called to me,
And I was slow to come;
The wail of the wind is in my heart,
But death is in my home."

GREEK BRIGANDS.

THE recent massacre of a party of travelers by Greek brigands, near Athens, will lend new interest to the following account of the system under which these desperadoes pursue their calling. It is taken from a curious pamphlet written last year by a certain Andrew Moskonisco, a cavalry lieutenant in the Greek army. He states that after the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, and the subjugation of Greece by the Turks, bands of patriots, particularly from among the tribes known as the Clepita and the Armatoli, joined together to resist the tyrants, and, retreating to the mountains and fast-holds of nature, there set up a code of laws, and formed a small but independent government in the midst of the conquered country. Gradually, however, these heroes dwindled into robbers; and the warfare against tyranny became a spoiling of the weak. Their code of laws, as at present existing, is a strange mixture of barbarity and chivalry. It contains fifteen clauses, which are as follows:

1. All treachery to be punished by cutting off the extremities of the traitor, as an example to others.
2. On a second offense, the traitor to be killed and exposed.
3. The rich to be captured, and not allowed to depart till they have paid ransom, and sworn not to injure the brigands by a relation of their adventures to the authorities.
4. The captives, if not ransomed, to be strangled.
5. If the ransom be short of the sum named, lots to be drawn whether the captive shall go free, having one ear cut off to show that the sum was deficient, or shall be killed.
6. Captives once ransomed must, if recaptured, pay a second time.
7. All soldiers to be killed.
8. The bearers of the ransom to be respected, and small money to be given them on their departure.
9. After the ransom is paid, before the captive is released, he is to be kept and entertained some few days, to see what manner of man he is; and before he goes his beard is to be shaved off.
10. All robbers plotting with government to be killed.
11. No one to be admitted into the band as a member who has not previously committed a criminal act.
12. Should a captive escape, his keeper is to be held responsible, and expelled from the band.
13. Never to steal the goats and sheep from the shepherds, but to pay for all taken.
14. To offer gifts at any monastery or hermitage, by way of expiation for sin.
15. Not to be cruel to captives; to go shares in every thing; and never to injure women.

It is the shepherds who support the brigands, and by whose means they are so well hid from the authorities. The shepherds supply them with bread, meat, and wine, serve them as guides in times of danger, and it is their children who are educated to be brigands, and who reinforce their ranks. Immense precautions are taken by the robbers against surprises. In the fine weather they come down from their strong-holds among the rocks and evergreen olives to the more sheltered country, to retire again in the winter. They always travel by night, proceeding in file through the open country; never through the narrow passes, for fear of ambushes. The smallest object, the faintest sound, startles them; and down they drop flat on their stomachs till their confidence is renewed. A tree waving in the breeze, or the rustle of dead leaves as they walk over them shoeless for fear of noise, is often enough to cause one of these panics. Before starting on any of these journeys, they always appoint a rendezvous in case of separation. Their scouts go on in front, driving horses or oxen, and habited as drovers. Under their shelter follows the main body, peeping constantly beneath the cattle to see if an enemy is approaching, and behind come the van-guard, who, if any thing is amiss, whistle like a night-bird, and the band disperses.

It is said that the crows are the best detectives of the robbers. When the band are camping in a marsh, their clothes, owing to their uncleanly habits, emit so strong a smell, that the crows, imagining it to be carrion, collect in swarms, and hover above them, so that the soldiers are often guided to the spot by seeing the dark cloud in the air.

There is a regular system of treating for the ransom of the captives. A letter is first conveyed by the robbers from the captive to his friends. This generally contains a safe-conduct for the messenger who shall be chosen to go to the robber camp and treat, and a plan marking out certain places he must stop at. He travels by night, on a white horse, and carries a small bell, which he rings at certain convenient and solitary situations, where he is answered by a shrill whistle if all is well. Unless the whistle is heard he must not go on, and the whole plan is so arranged that the man himself does not know where he is finally going to, so that it is impossible for the authorities to discover the brigands' haunt thereby. At a certain spot the robbers meet him, and conduct him into the presence of the chief. Then a regular bargaining is commenced. The chief names a sum, which the messenger, if he is a man of determination, and represents well the insufficient means of the captive, can often get reduced. When the bargain is finally struck, the messenger goes back for the money by a different road to that he came by, and returns with the same ceremonies and precautions. The ransom is delivered to the chief in presence of all the band, who light a taper and examine the coins to see if they are good. The captive is then brought in, loosed from his ropes, his beard cut off, and then he is kissed by each robber on the cheek, while they all cry out several times, "Kallali!" that is to say, "Begone, and be of good health." Should the robbers be besieged during the time of the bargaining, both captive and ransom are destroyed.

The robbers' great object is to terrify the people into bringing sufficient ransom; therefore, when it is deficient, or the captive is too poor to pay at all, the most horrible cruelties are practiced. There are several such cases known to have occurred quite lately. One man, whose ransom was short of the sum named, was tortured, stripped naked, and slowly burned with a lighted fusee to such an extent that he can never recover. A boy of fifteen had his ear cut off from the roots because a hundred drachmi of the ransom was wanting. But the most terrible account of all was as follows: Three peasants had been taken prisoners. Two of them were enabled, by the sale of their oxen, to make up a sum sufficient to content the brigands. The third was a poor man, and could pay nothing. He was condemned to death. He fell at their feet praying for mercy. "The law forbids it," was the answer. Lots were drawn as to who should be the executioner, and it fell to the chief. The chief led him out, and compelled him to dig his own grave, standing over him dirk in hand, and occasionally, as the peasant hesitated over his task, sharpening it on an instrument usually employed for lighting the fires. When the grave was dug the man fainted; but recovering, and trembling all over like a fish, again knelt down, crying, "Spare me, brothers, for my children's sake." He might as well have prayed to a stone. The chief seized his long hair in one hand, with the other made six thrusts at his neck, and finally threw the body into the grave. Then the other captives had to cast in earth and bury him.

It would be impossible to believe that such atrocities could be carried on without the connivance of government. Such has been hinted to be the case—whether with truth, can not be positively ascertained.

WORDSWORTH'S LOVE OF NATURE.

EVERY object in nature was invested in Wordsworth's eyes with a halo of poetry: a thorn on a hill-side overgrown with lichens, an old huntsman in his tattered scarlet coat talking of his hounds, a

Solitary Highland lass
Reaping and singing by herself

in the harvest-field, a group of children gathering flowers on the banks of a stream, the notes of the cuckoo, the shadows of the falling leaves dancing amidst the sunshine, a poem in every glen, a romance in every ruin or castled crag; and, consistently with his theory of poetry, he never hesitated to follow in thought wheresoever he could find "an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings." "Poetry," he said, finely, "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge. It is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science;" and, in his opinion, the appropriate business of poetry, her privilege and her duty, is "to treat of things not as they are, but as they appear, not as they exist in themselves, but as they seem to exist in the senses and to the passions." He has thus been called the English Plato; and the phrase is an apt description of his genius and tone of thought. His appreciation of the diversified beauty of nature was as keen and as pure as that of the keenest and purest of the Greeks; and when contemplating nature, he, too, like the Greeks, loved—to use his own phrase—"to send the soul into herself," to analyze his sensations, and to picture to himself in their most vivid colors, "the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature."

This was Wordsworth's theory of poetry. To Byron, and to men of Byron's tone of thought, it was a stumbling-block. To the Edinburgh Reviewers, and to the mass of people, it was, and is still, perhaps, foolishness. But to Wordsworth it was a living faith; and, when strolling through the woods at Abbotsford with Sir Walter Scott, he exclaimed, with enthusiasm: "What delightful variety there is in trees!" he was simply expressing the thought which was probably always uppermost in his mind in his strolls. Years and years before, writing to his sister from a Swiss cottage in the Alps, he had expressed the thought that underlay this remark, by a touching description of his sensations at quitting scenes with which, as he says, "I have, as it were, conversed so long, and with such increasing pleasure, that the idea of parting from them oppresses me with a sadness similar to what I have always felt in quitting a beloved friend." He idolized Rydal Mount as much as it was in his nature to idolize any thing, and often asked himself what would become of it after his time. "Will the old walls and steps remain in front of the house and about the grounds, or will they be swept away, with all the beautiful mosses and ferns, and wild geraniums, and other flowers which their rude construction suffered and encouraged to grow among them? This little wild-flower, 'Poor Robin,' is here constantly courting my attention, and exciting what may be called a domestic interest, with the varying aspects of its stalks, and leaves, and flowers. Strangely do the tastes of men differ according to their employment and habits of life. 'What a nice well would that be,' said a laboring man to me one day, 'if all that rubbish was cleared off!' The *rubbish*," Wordsworth adds, with horror at the man's sacrilegious spirit, "was some of the most beautiful mosses, and lichens, and ferns, and other wild growths that could possibly be seen."

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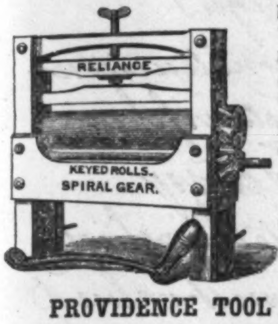

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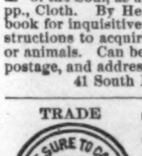

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